

# BLUSHIES

ISSUE FORTY

Cover picture from a forthcoming issue of Uniform Girls

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Potential purchasers are advised that it contains photographs and written material dealing with various aspects of corporal punishment.

Display out of the reach of children.





# BLUSHES

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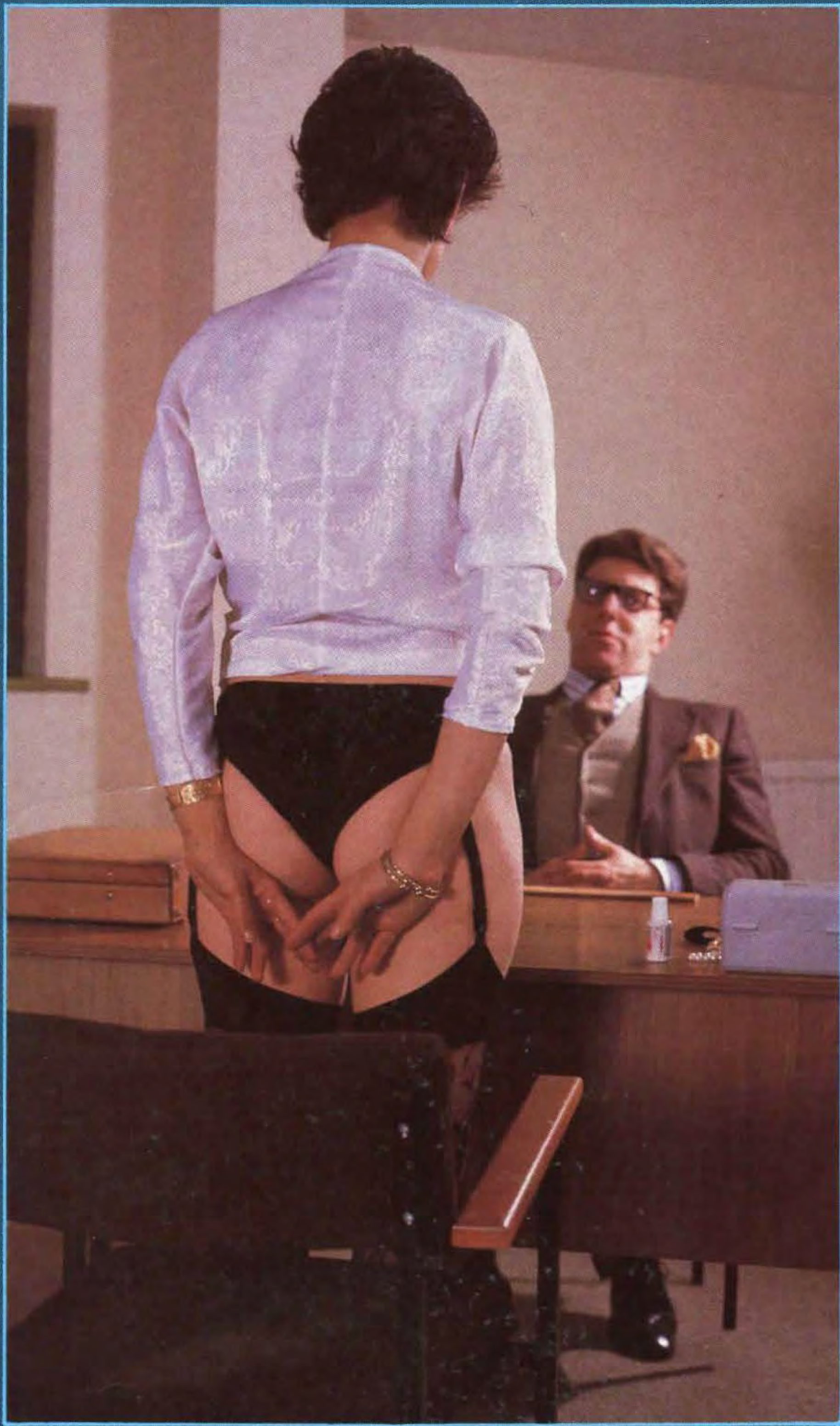




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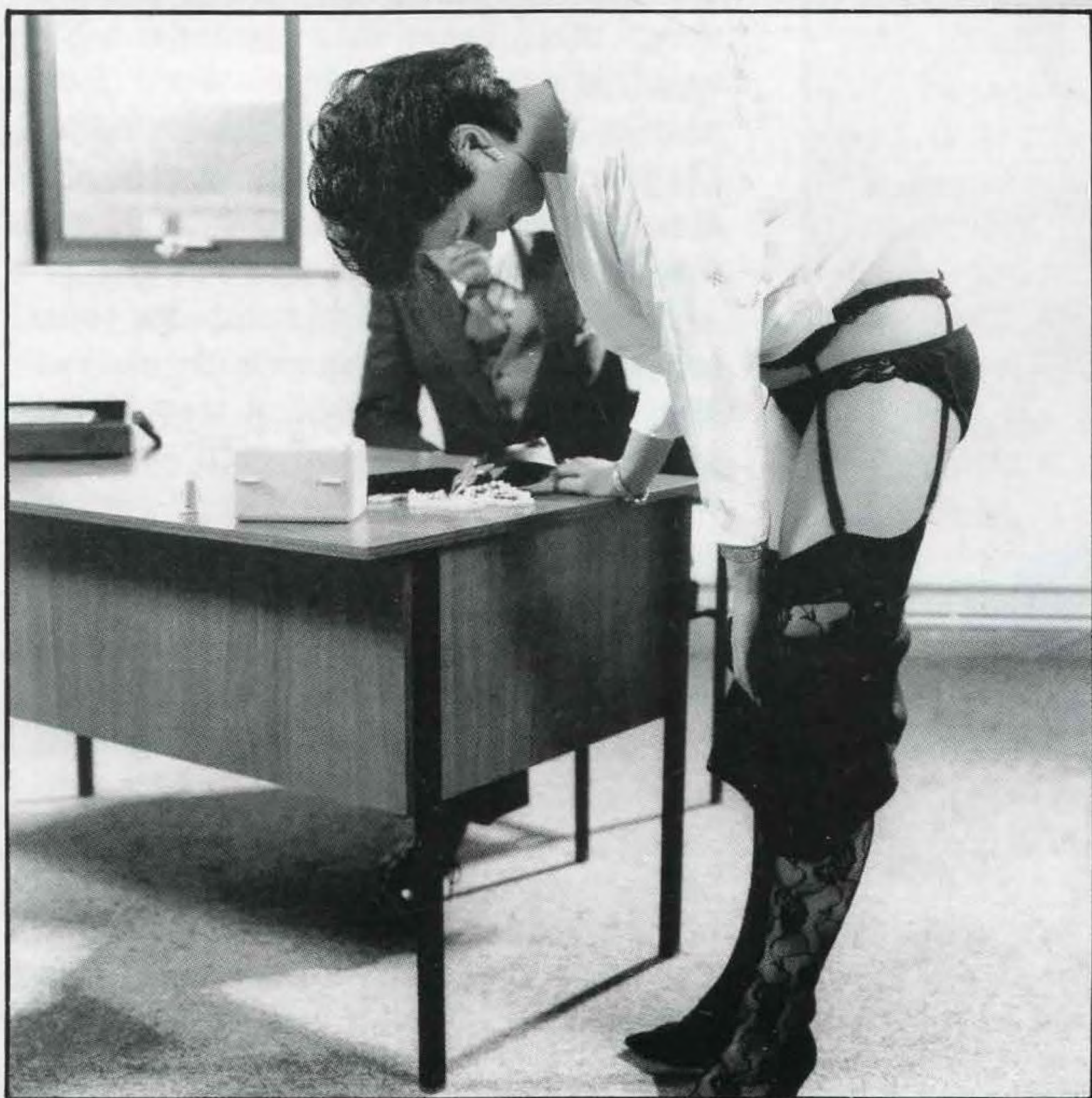






# HER SUPER NEW JOB

**T**he moment he saw her he felt the urge, the compulsion. Hitting him almost like a physical thing. He had felt it before, with certain girls, young women, felt that need to do it; but







never with the same intensity as with this girl who walked into the room to sit down opposite. And together with this urge, the need, which had the adrenalin suddenly throbbing through his veins, was his head telling him: *You can. You'll be able to. With this one.*

That was ridiculous. With a girl working for you you had to be even more careful. Sexual harrassment: it got headlines almost like murder these days. And Women's Lib. A man could be crucified. It *was* ridiculous. But in his head it was also saying: Bugger that. Ninety per cent of them wouldn't say a word. Ninety per cent probably. Not if it's the boss. With a good job, a good salary, that she couldn't bear to give up.

It *was* a good job. And he could afford to offer a highly attractive salary with the business doing so well. Estate agents in the South East could hardly not do well these days, even if you only came in the office three days a week. But he'd be in the office more than that, every possible moment...with this coming in. This young woman sitting opposite with that so-delicious, slightly nervous look. In the office and out to properties. He could see himself...because he would have to take her round at first, as she was new to the business. She was new and it was ridiculous to think of employing her, that girl yesterday had all the qualifications. Ah yes, but she hand't done anything to him, got his blood throbbing — got it already throbbing into a certain part of his anatomy. Doing it. Here in the office. And out, in a client's house, an empty property: the bedroom say...he already had a cane, bought surreptitiously in one of those shops a year ago...

Concentrate. Control your mind. He looked down again at her papers, forcing his mind on the words, on her application form. Susan Margaret Hillway. Age 21. Married. (At 21!) Maiden name: Canleigh. Previous experience: Nothing very much; secretarial mostly. But he wasn't concerned, with this great need, about that. Previous experience: New words appears on the form: *State if your previous employers have ever caned you. On your bare bottom? Describe the positions (in detail).* No. Don't let your mind wander. Concentrate.

He looked up. To meet her eyes. Large, deep blue and evidently anxious. Naturally. At an interview, for a job that you no doubt dream of getting but for which you are aware you have virtually no qualifications. You would be nervous, desperate to please. Are you desperate to please, Mrs Hillway? Then stand up. Slip down your knickers. Lift that skirt and arrange your bare bottom over that chair...

Stop. Stop fantasising. But it didn't have to be fantasy. He...could do it. Concentrate. The interview. A question. The question comes from some lusting recess of hs mind. 'You're...ah...only 21, Mrs Hillway. And married. Family responsibilities...could be a problem?'





'No!' The full pink mouth eager to refute whatever the interviewer has in mind. 'I...we've no children of course.' Is she flushing? At the thought of the man sitting across from her picturing what she does every night? Vigorous humping. In a variety of immodest positions perhaps? Is that what we do, Mrs Hillway? What hot young wives need, Mrs Hillway, to go with that hot humping is a hot dose of the cane. 'I mean we...I haven't been married long,' she adds.

'I was thinking of out-of-normal office hours,' he says, in serious tones. A man concerned only with the efficient running of his business, who could not conceivably be picturing the delicious applicant being screwed by her husband — or being caned (and screwed?) by himself. 'After 5 o'clock and maybe at the weekend from time to time. Also perhaps occasionally away from home.' Though he couldn't easily think of a legitimate reason why. 'Meetings etc.,' he added.

'Oh that's no problem. Really.' The

pretty face has almost lost its flush with this veering away from potentially embarrassing matters. She crossed her legs: not coquettishly, simply a reflex action, a nervous reaction. His eager eyes observed the slim knees beneath her smart interview skirt. Tights? Probably. He'd make her wear nylons. A suspender belt. Perhaps even no knickers. He shifted his own legs, easing pressure. 'Hmmm...' A man judiciously weighing weighty matters.

The feeling of power. Over this delectable young woman. Even forgetting the cane for the moment, or making her come to the office without knickers. Power as she sat here, with this juicy, well-paid job to dangle in front of her. He could sense her nervousness, her excitement. The possibility of dream becoming reality. He could probably say it right now. You can have the job, Mrs Hillway. But first of all I need to do a test. I want you to stan up and take off your knickers...you couldn't say that.

Yes *you could*. If you had the nerve. Just say it. It's a test. If you can't accept it — OK. I've got lots of other girls desperate for this job as you can imagine. And of course I never said that. Did I? Smiling at her confusion. Yes you *could* do it, men probably did it all the time. Either a girl accepted and got the job or she didn't. Either way you simply denied it had happened, that you could never have suggested such a thing.

He *would* do it. Not today though. After she'd started. As soon as she'd started, when she was on probation.

He produced a little smile. Controlling with an effort his own excitement, nervousness even. 'Well, Mrs Hillway...Your qualifications for this position are not good of course..' Meeting the big blue eyes and seeing dawning disappointment. An anxious moistening of the generous pink-lipsticked mouth. Did that lovely mouth suck her husband's cock? And would she perhaps...perform a similar pleasure for









her employer? After a caning?

'You would need a lot of training,' he continued, in grave tones. 'Mmmm...However, I think we might...' The violet-blue eyes are suddenly sparkling. The full lips parting slightly. In shocked delight. At what Mr Filford was saying...

'Of course there would be...a probationary period. At the beginning.'

'Yes, Yes, Mr Filford. Of course. Thank you...I'll really...'

What would she really? He didn't hear or she didn't complete it. He was standing and so was she. Letting him see again the swell of her tits in the tight suit jacket. The length of her thighs in the equally tight skirt. And round behind...the real prize. The urge came again to do something right now. Grab her. Grab her skirt off. He slid his hand in his pocket, to disguise the state he was in. Be sensible. Monday, when she started. He could start something then. Make it clear he was going to want...certain things. Right now...

Something at least. A little appetiser. Upstairs, to the main office. Would she like to see the main office? Of course. And of course ushering her forward, to go first. Up the rather narrow and steepish stairs. While he...had a chance to really see it, enjoy it. Her flanks flexing in the tight skirt. The ripe cheeks, firm muscle overlaid with soft feminine tissue. Left and right tensing and relaxing above the smart black high heels and the no doubt tights that would soon be seamed nylons. He could see the line of her kickers. The slight but unmistakable indentation of the knickers' hem, thrown into relief, left, then right, as her hams worked. A modest knicker-line, properly enclosing the cheeks of her bottom. Modest knickers that would have to be modestly taken down. Or that, she would be told, would not be needed. Monday...

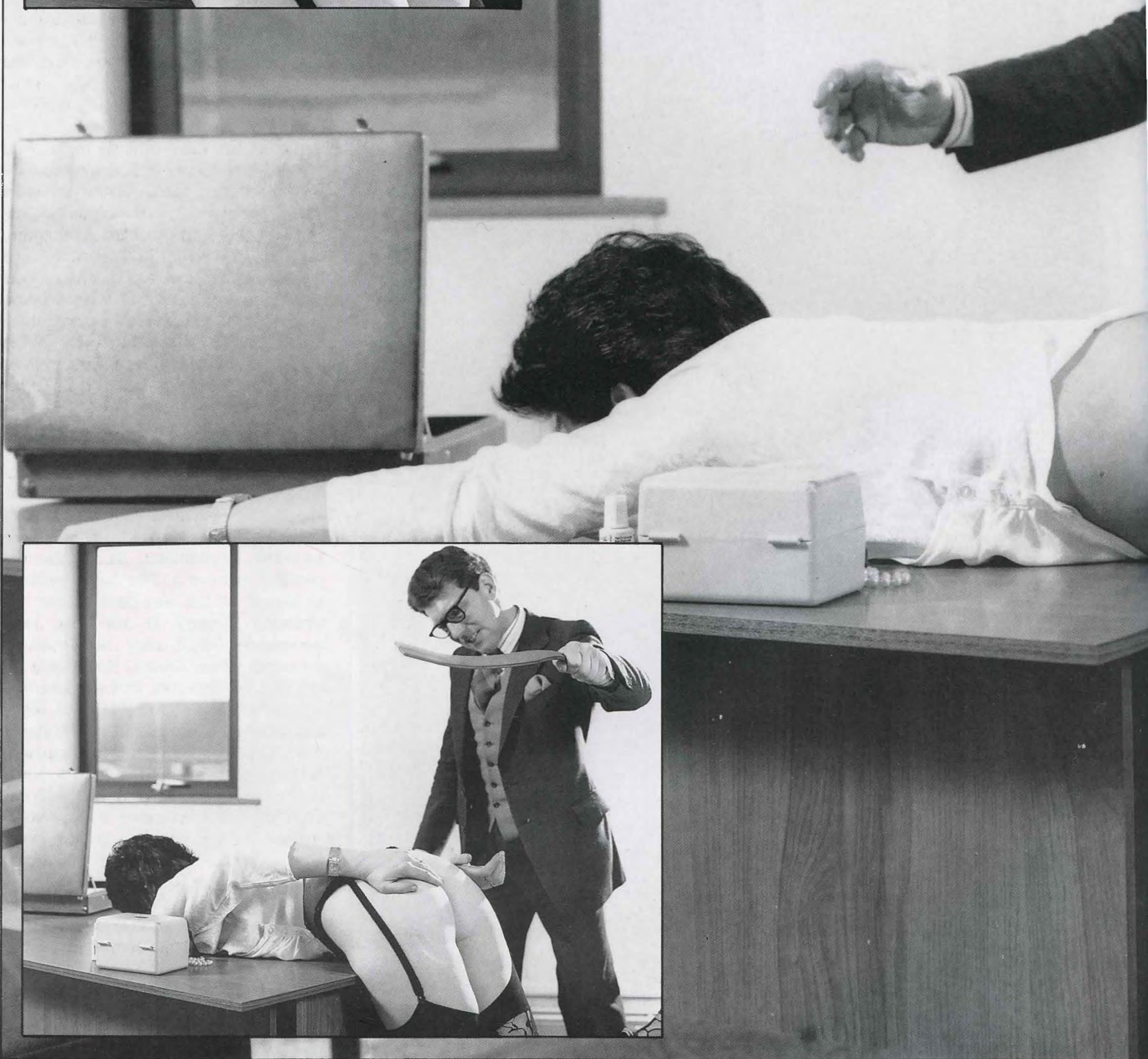
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'Monday! I start Monday!' Her voice sounded incredulous, as if she still couldn't believe it. She had repeated it to herself all the way back on the bus, glancing around at the few other passengers as if they too must be creatures of her dream. Her dream that she had got this job, that she had been *convinced* she hadn't a chance of. Home and still in her dream but now trying to concentrate on getting something ready for their meal, when David got home. And here he was, in the dream with her. Grabbing him. Breathing it into his ear. 'Monday! I've actually...got the job. If I'm not dreaming. Say I'm not dreaming, David.'

David said, 'Tremendous! Fantastic!' Also, 'I told you, didn't I?' I said you had a really good chance and I didn't know what you were getting so uptight about. But it's really fantastic all right. What was it like: the interview?

The interview, she said, still breathless, went like a dream. Well he









had queried that she didn't have any direct experience but that wouldn't be a problem. On-the-job training and she would learn as she went along. You won't find it a problem, he had said. He was really nice; Mr Filford. *Filford and Billingsworth* only there wasn't a Mr Billingsworth now. 'Mr Filford...oh sort of ordinary I suppose: But he seems really nice...and he won't mind helping me, he said. Seeing that I learn the topos. Oh it's...I still can't believe it.'

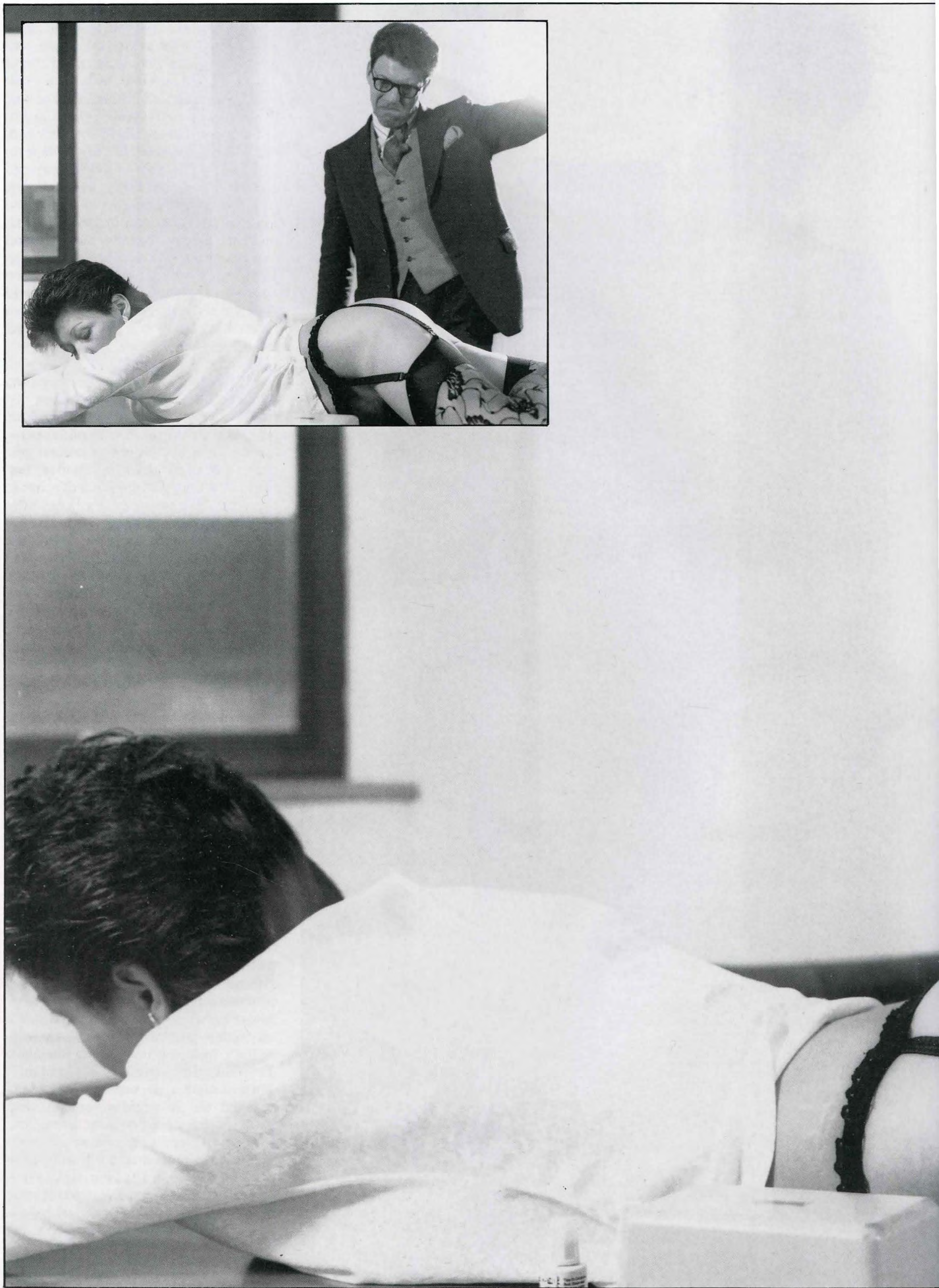
David said why didn't they go out to eat, to celebrate, but she had prepared something, in spite of her feet seeming to be inches off the floor. 'We can have a bottle of wine, though,' Susan said. And added coyly. 'And we could always have an early night.' Because she had that feeling. Right now, and would probably have it even more after a glass of wine. Wanting sex. With all that tension, the apprehension, now gone she really felt like it. She didn't always, sometimes not when David did. She would usually agree and let him but doing it when you didn't feel like it wasn't very nice. But now...she could feel her body almost craving it. With this fantastic job...now here.

And so they did. An early night. And almost immediately sexual intercourse. Nothing exotic, Susan would not want that. None of the sexual gymnastics that Arthur Filford might like to imagine. Just...being filled. Transported. And thinking as she was, partly at least, of the super, super job. Of Mr Filford even. Arthur Filford who, at that moment, in his own home a few miles away, in his sitting room, was looking abstractedly at the wall and flexing a rattan cane in his hands. His wife had gone up to bed. 'I'll be up shortly,' he had told her. He was thinking of course of his new employee. Thinking of her bare bottom. Which was going to feel the sharp impact of what he now held in his hands. Thinking also that she was probably at this moment in bed, screwing like a monkey in celebration of having got her job...

\* \* \*

Monday morning. That bus again only this time a lot more crowded as it is rush hour. David's job is in the opposite direction so he can't drive her but the crowded bus is not a problem when she is starting her super new job; anyway it's only today, tomorrow her own car will be back from servicing. Susan has had the weekend to think about it, come down to earth a bit, but now it is Monday and she is actually starting...her heart is thumping again. A smart, business-like dress under her light coat, the weather forecast spoke of rain later. The morning is cool but she doesn't feel it, striding briskly the five-minute walk at the other end to Filford and Billingsworth's. She is right on time: 8.45. Mr Filford, though, is already here. His eyes smiling as he greets her. Taking her coat. Remarking on the weather; and has









she had a good weekend? Yes, Mr Filford is as she remembers him at the interview. A pleasant, friendly man. 'How about a cup of coffee?' he asks. Yes, how fortunate she is...

There are two others who work in the office: Bob Tayling, thirtyish, who also handles properties, and a secretary, Mrs Betty Smith, who is somewhat older. They both get in about nine and Mr Tayling almost immediately goes out again, to see some properties. Mrs Smith has a little office of her own, so Susan is left alone with her employer in that large room upstairs. Mr Filford explains that they have only recently move in and there is more furniture to come in, filing cabinets, and easy chairs etc at one end for clients. He opens the one cabinet that the room at present possesses and takes out folders of papers. Residential properties. They sit down at Mr Filford's desk as he begins talking...

It is a pleasant day, an exciting day, this first Monday. A day full of new and exciting things: learning the work from Mr Filford, and in the afternoon going out with him to look at some properties; being taken by him to the pub at lunchtime. All in all a super first day, as she tells David when they get home after work. A day completely devoid of anything remotely unpleasant. Because Arthur Filford finds...that you can't simply tell a young woman to take her knickers off; he is going to do a test. Or at least *he* can't. Perhaps some employers can: yes, he is quite prepared to believe that some *do*. But when it comes right down to it...No.

So does this mean than...? What it means is that Susan Hillway has had a most pleasant start to her new job. No more than that. Arthur Filford, not particularly pleased with himself, is racking his brains...

Tuesday is very much like Monday, another really good day, but Wednesday...is not. It starts all right and Susan is feeling an extra frisson of excitement because today she is going out to see a property by herself rather than with Mr Filford as she has on Monday and Tuesday. The property will be empty and Mr Filford gives her the keys.

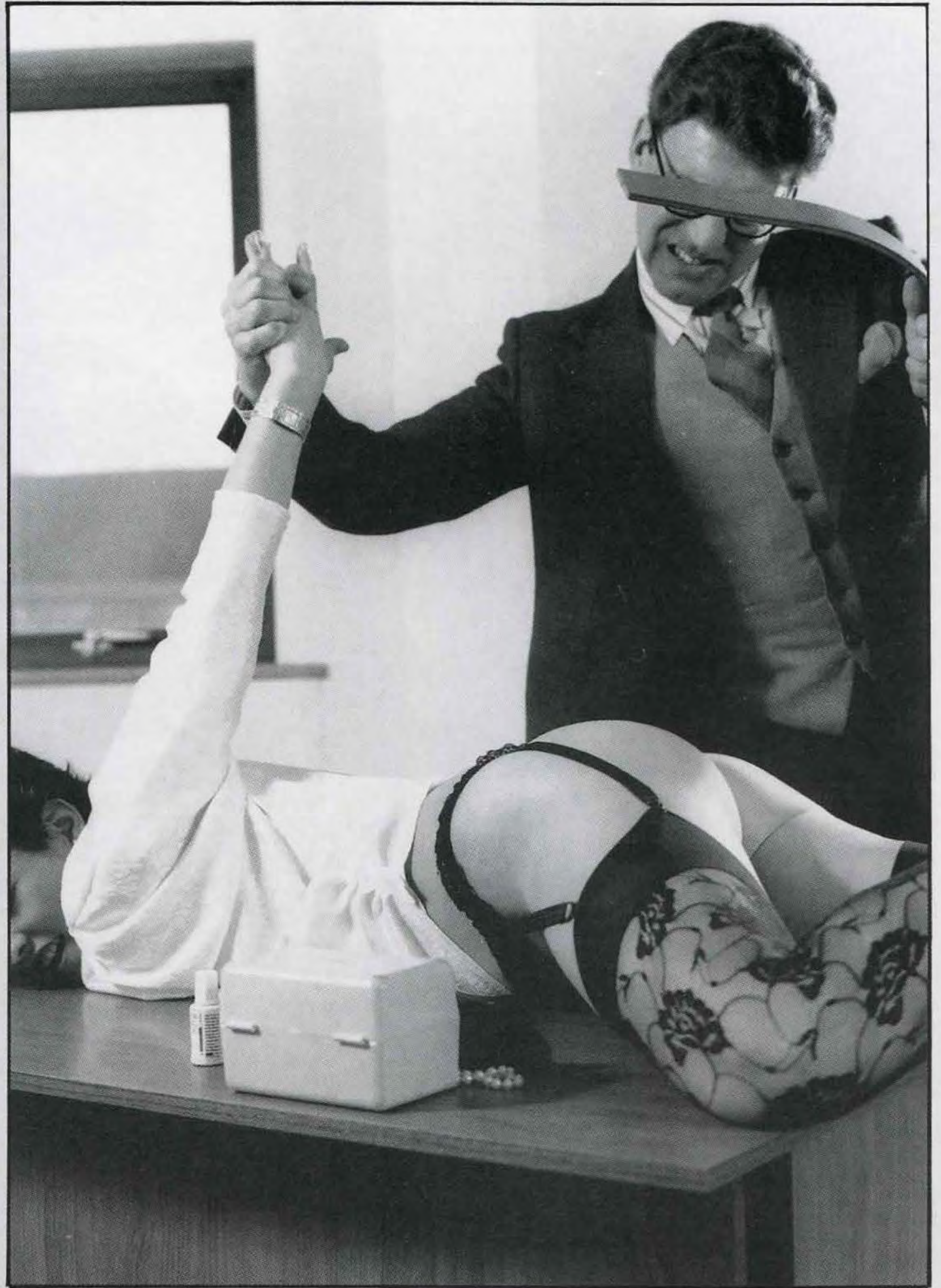
'Don't lose it,' he says, smiling. 'That's the house agent's biggest crime of course: losing the client's keys.'

Susan laughs — but that is what she does. Gets to the house and reaches in her handbag and...no keys. With panic rising she takes everything out, then delves in the pockets of her coat. *NO*. They have disappeared. Oh Christ! Feeling sick she goes back to the car. Perhaps they have fallen out on the seat, the floor. No. Nothing. She is sweating.

Susan hasn't actually lost them of course. Mr Filford has simply removed the keys from her handbag. Watched her put them in her bag and then when she was out of the room taking them out. Praying then she wouldn't check until she was out of the office...

She can hardly bear to face him.









Especially when he made the particular point of telling her. She has the desperate urge to just drive off, in the opposite direction to Filford and Billingsworths. but she can't do that, she has to face the music. How could she have lost them?

'I just don't know...' she shakes her head despairingly. Standing in front of him, at the side of his desk, twisting the strap of her handbag in her fingers. Her face is red, she feels like bursting into tears. 'I...put them...in my bag.'

Arthur Filford purses his lips. What he wants to say is: Go and lock the door and then come back here and take all your clothes off. I am going to give you a taste of the cane. Yes, that would be nice but of course it is not the way to handle it. He shakes his head, his face serious.

'This is most unfortunate, Susan. *Most* unfortunate. As it happens we've got a second set, but if we hadn't...' Another grave shake of his head. 'And I did make the point of warning you. It can only be carelessness. *Gross* carelessness.'

She dabs at her eyes. They are sparkling. Tears. Arthur Filford eyes her. She looks absolutely delicious in this wretched state. A green-and-blue printed dress today with a broad white belt round her slim waist emphasising the full thrust of her tits above it. She is on the brink: for two pins she'll break down and be sobbing. Should he...do that trick one more time? Tomorrow. Or start some action now? Not tell her to get that dress off, and her knickers, though he'd dearly love to. But...something.

'I'm afraid you're not coming up to my expectations, Susan.' This time an actual tear does roll down her cheek. She wipes at it. The full-lipped mouth opens in a sort of sob.

'I...I just don't know...how...'

'Carelessness, Susan. Forgetfulness. What you need is a reminder. So you're not forgetful about such things. And it *is* crucial.' He picks up a plastic ruler which is lying on his desk. Arthur Filford's heart is suddenly thumping in his chest. He stands up. He is going to say it. He forces a smile, as if it is really a joke.

'Hold out your hand. I'll give you a reminder. Then we'll forget it.'

Susan wipes her eyes again, and looks at Mr Filford. He's joking...but he means her to do it. Blinking, she brings her hand out. Palm upwards. Mr Filford is still smiling. Raising the ruler, and...

She lets out a shocked yell. She was expecting something like a light tap, because it was only a joke. But Mr Filford has brought the ruler down hard, with a vicious jerk of his wrist as it made contact. The pain across the centre of her palm...is really killing. She sucks her breath in, whimpering. Clutching the hand to her. Gasping. Through the hot pain she becomes aware that Mr Filford's arm is round her waist.

'Didn't hurt, did it? Not really.' The arm round her waist squeezes. He lets go. 'Here, let's have a look.' Taking her









hand. The palm is bright red where the ruler has viciously sliced down. It is throbbing, with a sort of half-paralysed feel to it. 'Nothing too much,' is Mr Filford's verdict. He lets go, with a nervous little laugh. His hand slaps her bottom.

Briskly Arthur Filford moves to sit down again at his desk. His hand can still feel her bottom, almost like an electric shock. And bringing the ruler down on her hand like that, that was electric too. He feels almost sick with excitement. He has crossed the barrier: the barrier that seemed at times insurmountable. He looks up, at the still gasping Susan. Forces another smile.

'All right. We'll forget it now. It's over. Here,' reaching for some papers and holding them out, 'take a look at these. Tell me what you think.'

He takes her to the pub again at lunch time. Susan's head is in a whirl, as it has been for the rest of the morning, ever since...her hand still stings, and there is a dark red mark across it now. Did Mr Filford *mean* to hit her as hard as that...or was it an accident, he didn't realise? She hasn't been able to concentrate on anything, her mind has kept going back to that horrendous cut of the ruler. But perhaps he didn't really mean it, he is taking her out to the pub, is chatting in a friendly way. Forget about it, she tells herself. It's over. Mr Filford said that.

'Let's have a look,' he says in the pub. 'Your hand.' Taking it, opening the fingers. Eyeing the red stripe. He looks at her and grins. 'Did it hurt?'

'Yes,' she says in a low whisper. 'Yes.' Taking her hand away. Not wanting anyone else to see it.

Mr Filford moves closer. Turning, close to her ear, he says, 'Well, we don't want any more carelessness. Next time, it'll be something else.' He moves his head away, to glance round the room, then comes back. In her ear he says, 'The cane. Across the seat of your knickers.'

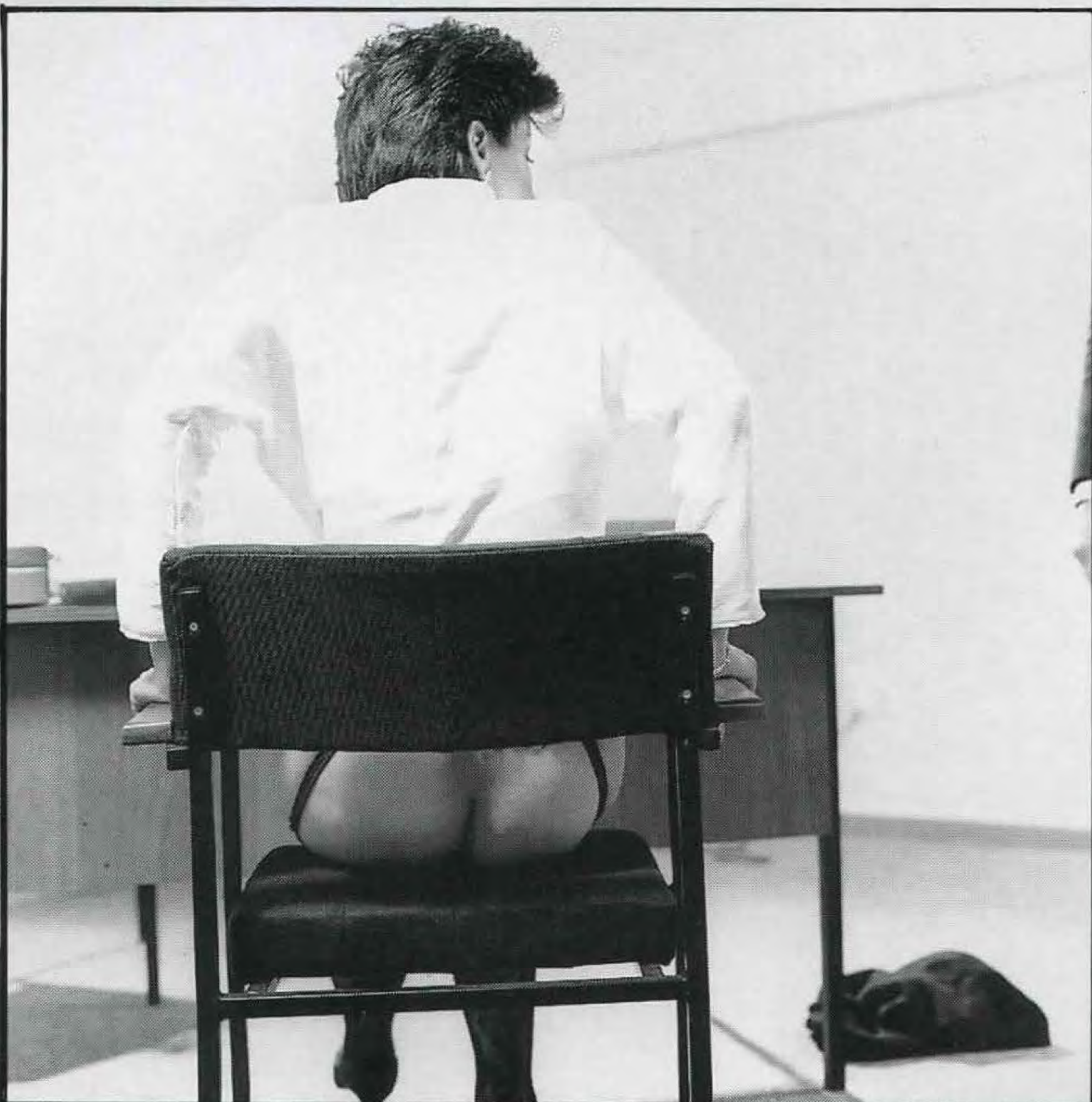
He picks up his glass. Turns to look at her. Smiling. The words dip and roll in her head. It's a joke. Mr Filford is smiling. She tries to form a smile of her own but her mouth feels all trembly. She could more easily cry than smile. He is joking. But that ruler...that was no joke. The red stripe across her palm, which if she's not careful David will see, that is no joke. She lifts her glass. Her hand is trembling like her mouth. Taking a drink from her glass is suddenly not a simple operation. Liquid dribbles from the side of her mouth. Flushing, she grabs for her napkin. Mr Filford is eyeing her, still smiling.

Susan doesn't tell David. How can she? You can't tell your husband your boss has hit you across the hand with a ruler and you've still got the mark there. Just as you can't tell him he said the next time he's going to cane you across the seat of your knickers. Even if it was a joke. She does her best, when David asks if she's had a good day. 'Yes. Super.'









Her voice sounds artificial, extremely unconvincing, but David doesn't seem to notice.

He can't pull that trick again — or at least not right away. He needs something, though, he has to build immediately on this fantastic start. Because Arthur Filford can sense that he can now go all the way. He can see she's nervous when she comes in the next morning. Has she perhaps told her husband? No, of course she hasn't; and by not doing so it is already a thing between just the two of them, a complicity *a duex*. He greets her, smiling, a man who is prepared to forget his employee's unfortunate shortcoming of yesterday. Hands her a folder of papers.

'Have a look at these, Susan. Then put them in the cabinet. You know our system now.'

Yes, she knows the filing system, Mrs Smith has explained it. Susan takes the papers and goes to her desk. Is she going to be allowed out today, on her own? Trusted with a client's keys? She goes through the papers, making notes, then takes them to the cabinet, carefully putting them in the correct position. By now it is coffee time and Susan goes down to have a cup with Mrs Smith. Mr Filford says he is too busy at the moment for coffee. Because of that Susan only stays for ten minutes. When she gets back...

'Susan...' It is clear at once from Mr Filford's voice that something is wrong. He is standing by the cabinet. 'Come here!' Yes something is wrong. She almost stumbles forward. 'What is this?' He is holding up the papers she had. 'It took me five minutes to find them. They were in completely the wrong place.'

It is impossible. Unless she is going mad. As she stands there looking blankly at the open cabinet Mr Filford's hand sharply smacks her bottom. Susan gives a shocked gasp. And then his hand is there, holding her bottom. Gripping one cheek through her thin dress.

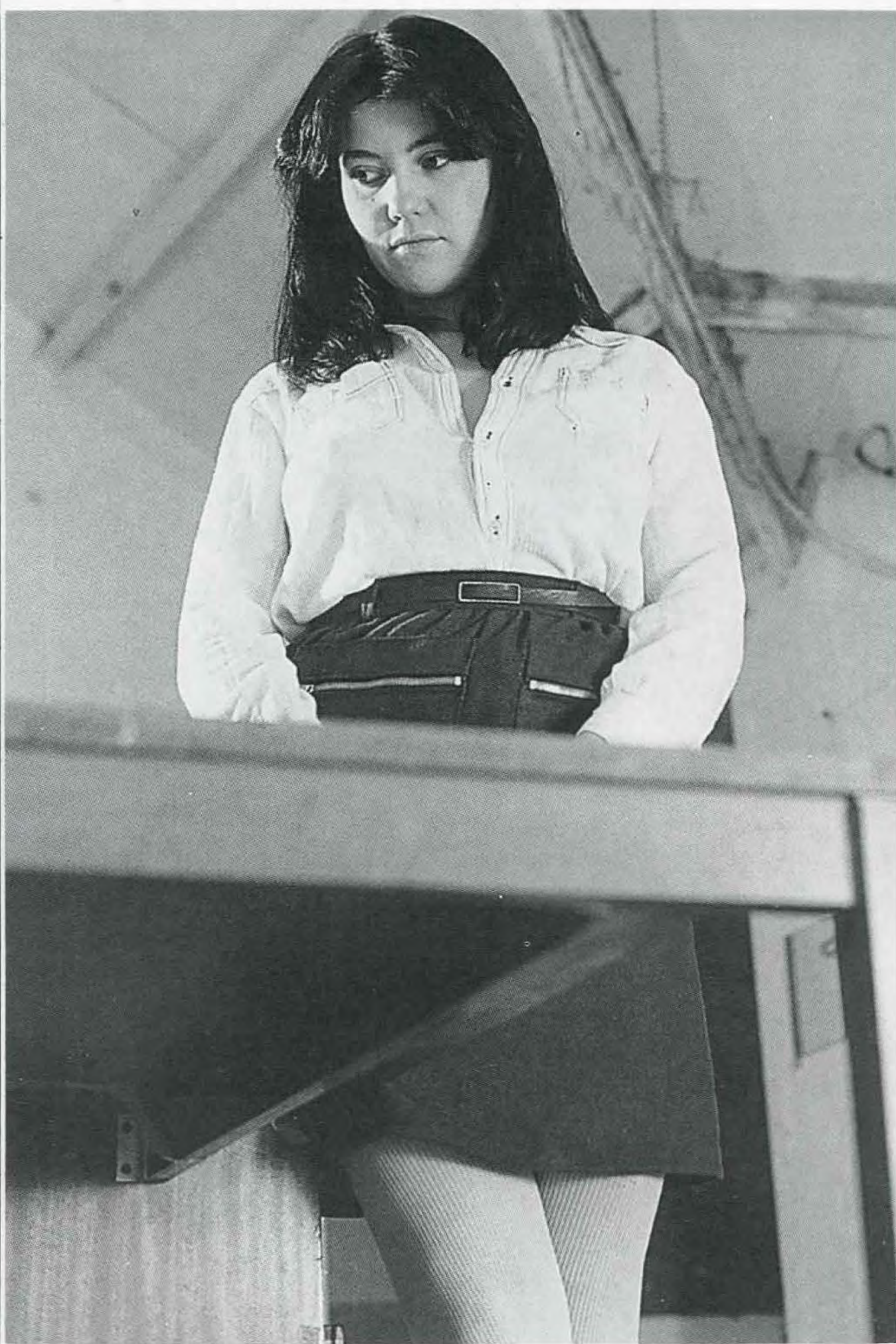
'Didn't I tell you, young woman? That we cannot tolerate this sort of carelessness.'

She feels...her head is going round and round. The papers...and Mr Filford's hand gripping her bottom. She feels faint. The hand lets go...and gives her bottom another sharp smack. 'You know what I told you, Miss. What we'd do next time.'

Yes she knew what he said, in the pub. But it was a joke. He can't...And anyway those papers...she knows she put them...there is the feeling of reality sliding away from her, she is losing her grip on it. But Mr Filford's hand has left her bottom...and is gripping her arm. That is real. 'Come on.'

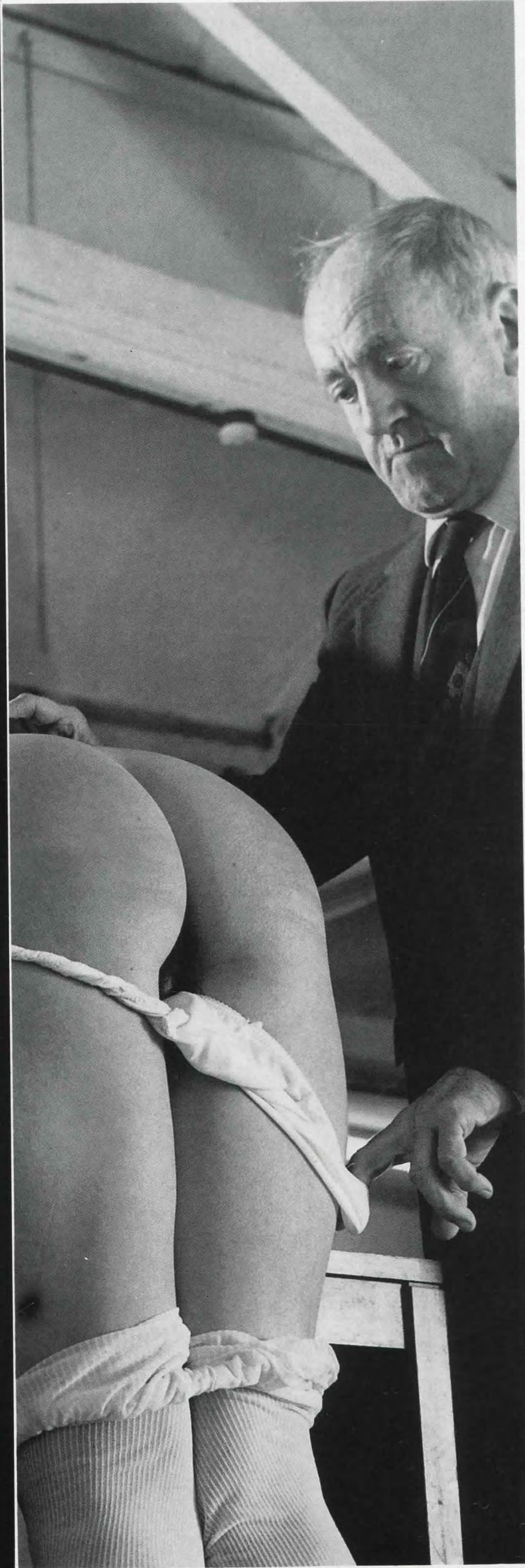
He is half-dragging her, her high-heels stumbling on the carpet, over to his desk. She hears herself yelp out, in protest. Because in this unreality she knew what he is going to do. What he said: that joke.





FLASHBACK















# HOUSE of MIRRORS



Sometimes she feels she is floating. Her feet are not on the ground. Even when her high heels — they are all four or five-inch high stilettos — are making a staccato CLACK! CLACK! on uncarpeted areas of passageway, even then it can sometimes feel as if she is floating. Why is that? There are many rooms here, it is a large house, and the passageways, corridors, running on, round blind corners, can seem like a maze and sometimes you wonder where you are and the rooms which open off the corridors seem to have changed position. So that although you know a certain room is *here*, around this corner and to the left for instance...the next time...it is not there.

There are mirrors in the corridors. Tall mirrors. So you can see yourself approaching or to the side, a pretty girl tastefully dressed, her long and elegant legs in sheer nylons and supported on the high heels that are white or shiny black or perhaps a pastel shade. There is a whole row in the foot of the cupboard in the little room which at times, as in a dream, she wonders if she can find again in the angling mirrored corridors.

Things seem to come and go. In this house...or is it in her mind? But only certain things. There is always that one: the library. That is always there, it is as if all the angling corridors lead to the library. It is the one constant. The reference point for the turning hours of her day. Her day will circle round the library. An early morning visit, and late at night. And of course in between...

Mr Hathaway...

It is Mr Hathaway's library, as it is Mr Hathaway's house, and when he is home Mr Hathaway will spend many hours in his library. There are no mirrors in the library. No mirrors to take and throw back, as they do in the corridors, the images of this pretty girl. Perhaps Mr Hathaway does not wish mirrors in case they might in some way not throw back the image completely, but instead retain some part of what they had seen. Mr Hathaway would not want that, he would not want a record. So there are only books filling the room. Old dusty tomes full of forgotten knowledge, books well content with what they have, so that if they see they are not interested. They are not interested in this pretty girl with the elegant legs standing on the high heels. They are not interested in what Mr Hathaway is doing...

The books are there and Mr Hathaway is there. Also sometimes there may be a visitor, a gentleman friend of Mr Hathaway. Mr Hathaway does not mind these gentlemen friends knowing. Watching. Other male eyes that can drink in the images. The pretty, fair-haired girl. The stockings and high heels. The pale rondures of flesh, swelling ripely. The shadowed declivities, which in certain positions are not shadowed but are in the full unblinking glare of the electric light.





But these gentlemen are his close acquaintances and they are only one or two. Mostly it is only Mr Hathaway. There is no one else to see.

Mrs Gilford?

Mrs Gilford knows but does not see. She certainly knows. Her eyes betray that. A look which says, 'I know, Miranda.' Her look when in the morning she comes into the little room, her eyes smiling with the knowledge. As she switches on the light.

'Dear me, Miranda. Still in bed! You are a lazy girl. A lazy, dreamy girl. If you don't get up *immediately* you will be late for Mr Hathaway. And he won't like that, will he?'

Her eyes as Miranda blinks and groans enjoy the thought of Mr Hathaway in the library dealing with this pretty girl who has perhaps stumbled in on her high heels a few minutes late. Perhaps Mrs Gilford *can* see, perhaps she has a secret spy-hole and can gaze in on this girl with Mr Hathaway in the library. Mrs Gilford has been here a long time. The house holds no mysteries for her. She laughs when Miranda says she is confused, in the corridors. 'You're just a silly young girl, Miranda. But young girls *are* silly, aren't they? That is why they have to go and see Mr Hathaway. To try to lose some of their silliness.'

Mrs Gilford has been here a long time. She walks confidently in her sensible flat-heeled shoes, not bothered by the angling corriods, the mirrors. She has seen other girls, before Miranda. 'They were all silly girls. Miranda. Just as you are. Mostly Mr Hathaway was able to do something with them. But I don't know about you. Sometimes I wonder.'

Mrs Gilford smiles, her eyes bright with the knowledge of young girls and what they must endure to lose their silliness. 'Now then what is it to be today? Do you think Mr Hathaway would like the pink? Or the pale green? You had the black ones yesterday so he will perhaps like something brighter?'

Was it black yesterday? The shiny black stilettos? Miranda cannot remember. All the days have a sameness: hearing the high heels CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! in the corridors and seeing the girl, pretty and blonde and sad-faced in her demure dress. The girl in the corridor always has a pretty dress with her elegant stockings and shiny shoes. It is only in the library that she has to show herself, the soft, pale flesh, and there are no mirrors, only the old books and Mr Hathaway and perhaps an intent-eyed gentleman guest to see.

Miranda shakes her head vaguely. She has no thought for the shoes: they are all pretty and they are all of course for Mr Hathaway's enjoyment. Her beautiful slim-ankled legs tautly nyloned and set off by the spike-heeled shoes. And of course in the library all the rest of her, all that pretty pink flesh, set off as well. Pink, Apple/Green, Mauve, Sky Blue.







There are so many, standing in neat and silent rows in the cupboard. Waiting to be chosen. Please choose us. We want to be the ones on the pretty feet today. To CLACK! along the corridor and into the library. To take part in all that exciting action.

Sometimes a pretty shoe will fall off, softly onto the carpet, when she is in position, one of those positions, her feet off the floor, and her legs kick and jerk as they usually do because at times it is impossible to stop them when he is being taught about silliness. With the soft and sensitive mouth open wide: a silent scream or yelp — or at least almost silent. Mr Hathaway does not allow helping or screaming. That is one of the first things you learn in this house of mirrored corridors.

Mrs Gilford has chosen a pair of white ones when Miranda comes out of her bathroom. Also a white blouse, a plaid skirt in soft blues and greys. She smiles. 'If you don't buck up. Miranda, you'll have no time for breakfast. Not unless you want to be late for Mr Hathaway. Shall I tell him you're going to be late?'

A vigorous shake of the pretty head, bobbing blonde curls. No, Mrs Gilford knows she doesn't want that. Miranda has been late before; it is not something to be repeated if at all possible. She is now frantically getting dressed. The things that Mrs Gilford has put out, with a white suspender belt for her nylons. She looks up, her lower lip caught under white and even teeth. 'Do I...?' Indicating with a nod of her head her lingerie drawer.

'Knickers?' Mrs Gilford asks. Miranda says Yes.

'Didn't he tell you? He must have told you. Yesterday.'

The deep blue eyes open wide as if it might be written in not very large print on the wall. Did Mr Hathaway tell her? She can't remember. He probably did but she can't remember.

Mrs Gilford shakes her head. 'You live in a dream, Miranda. No wonder poor Mr Hathaway despairs. You had better put some on. If it's wrong, well, you'll simply have to suffer the consequences, won't you?'

Miranda chews her lip again. Mrs Gilford has gone to the drawer. Taking out a very brief pair of silk knickers. Miranda takes them. It is not her fault, she tells herself. It is this house. With its shimmering mirrors, its shifting rooms. The corridors which can be endless, going in circles. There is nothing for the mind to grip onto...except Mr Hathaway's library. 'Are you having breakfast then?' Mrs Gilford asks.

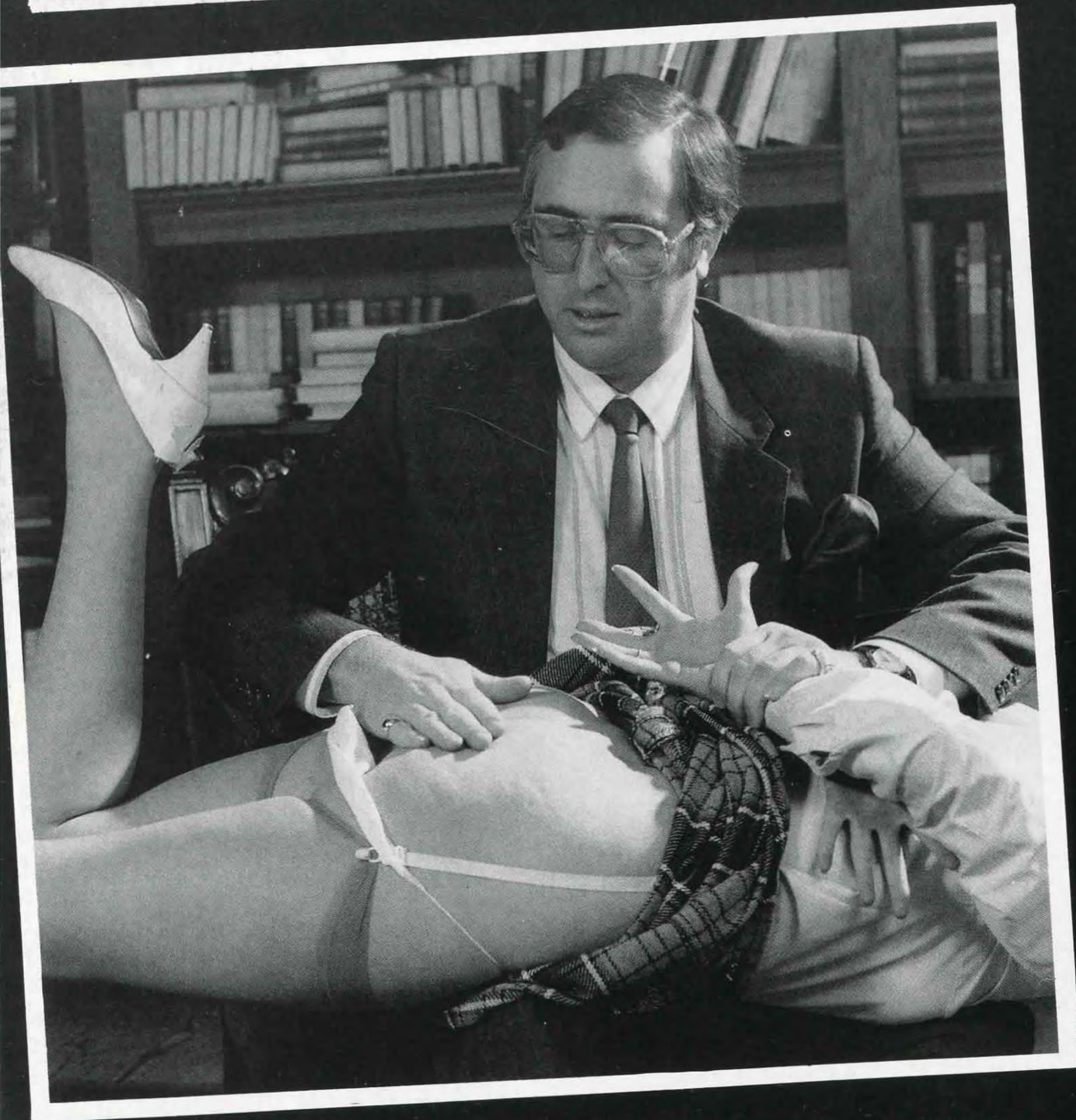
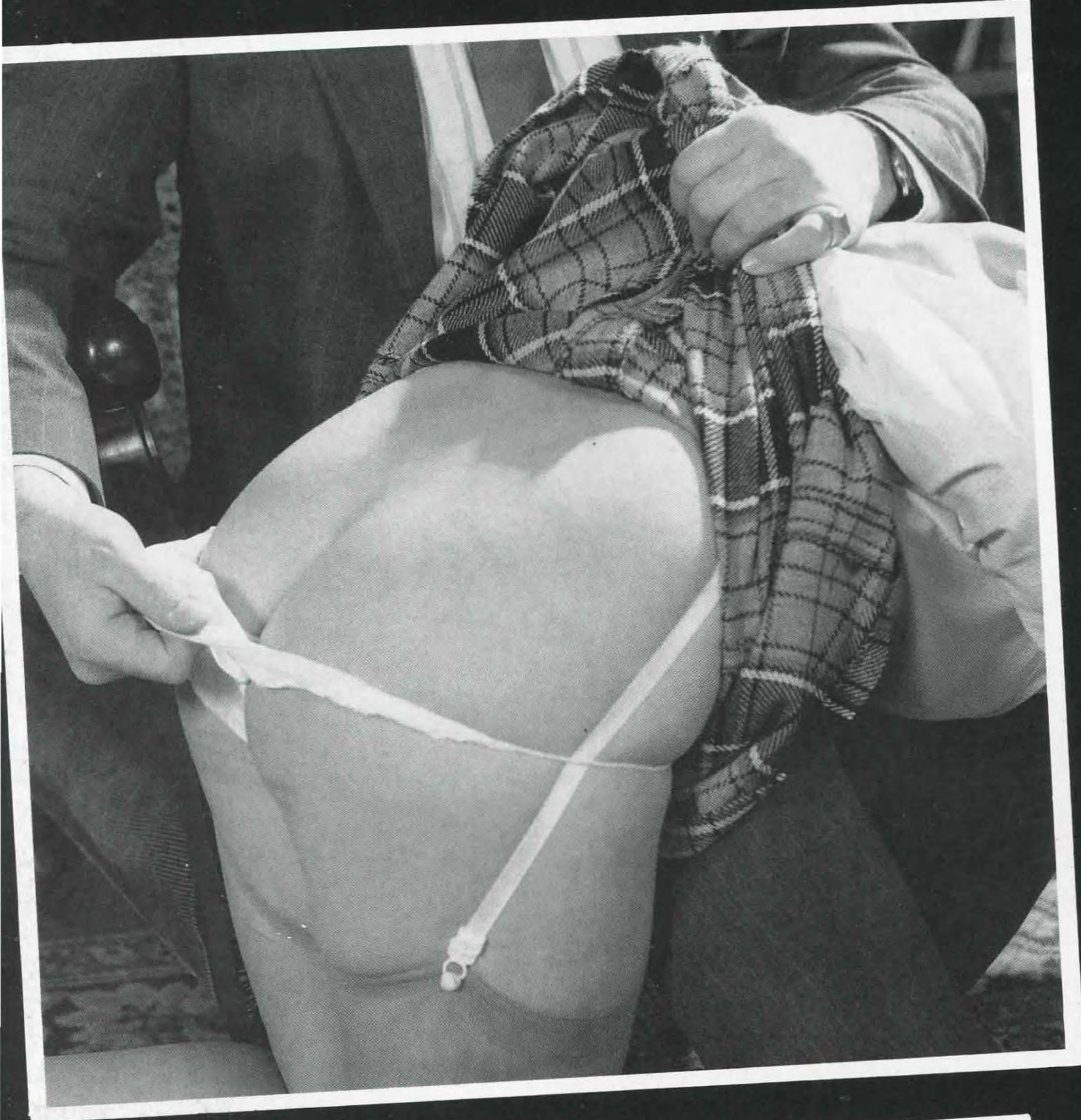
Another despairing look. Miranda is dressed now. The demure blouse and skirt, her long legs in the shimmery stockings, on her feet the shiny white shoes with their four-and-a-half inch spiky heels. The knickers under the demure skirt. 'H...Have I got time?' she asks.

'Yes. Just about.' Mrs Gilford's voice, unlike Miranda's, is firm, confident. But she has no reason not to be. Miranda









follows Mrs Gilford's assured tread. Down the stairs, along the long corridor. The mirrors are there, to confuse and beckon, but they are not a problem with Mrs Gilford. They are almost immediately in the kitchen. Miranda has some tea and toast. She does not feel like eating but she must. She will otherwise feel ill later. Perhaps she should eat more, that is why she gets that scary feeling of floating...

'You'd better get moving young lady. Look at the time.'

It is five minutes to nine, which is her appointed time with Mr Hathaway. Five minutes should be plenty of time to get to the library; it can only be a short distance, she should be able to be there inside a minute. Miranda tells herself this but she knows what is going to happen. Out of the kitchen, by herself...left...or right? It is left. She knows that. But...she has been left before and somehow...

If she could follow Mrs Gilford she would be there in seconds. But she can't ask Mrs Gilford to take her, not after all this time in the house. That would be the height of silliness.

'Go on then,' Mrs Gilford says, smiling. 'Go on, you silly girl.'

She closes the door quietly behind her. She mustn't panic. There is a mirror directly opposite. It throws back the image of a pretty fair-haired girl standing insecurely on the shiny white spike-heeled shoes. She tries to smile, a confident smile, but only a sort of grimace is produced. She is feeling a bit queasy. She didn't really want to eat that toast, and now it is time for Mr Hathaway. If she could float up and away, free of this house...That is a dream and this is not a dream, here with the mirrors and Mr Hathaway. It will be the same. It is always the same, more or less. Certain variations. Different combinations. But essentially...the same. How long will she have to stay here? Until she is no longer a silly girl, Mrs Gilford says. 'And that could be an awful long time, my girl.' Mrs Gilford is joking when she says this. Or is she?

Mr Hathaway looking at his watch. 'Do you see the time, Miranda?' It is five minutes past nine! He shakes his head. 'Didn't Mrs Gilford wake you?'

'Yes,' she says. 'Yes, Mr Hathaway.' Her voice sounds funny, as if it belongs to another person. The girl in the mirrors? Somehow it has taken 10 minutes to get here. Ten minutes of the pretty shoes going CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! on the polished wood floor, or mirrors looming and veering away, angling the lights and that other pretty girl at her. The spiky shoes are silent now, sinking into Mr Hathaway's deep carpet. The mirrors have gone; there are instead the dusty books holding all that knowledge — no doubt including what has to be done to pretty girls who have to be taught to lose their silly ways. In the books perhaps are precise instructions. Diagrams even. The best positions to be adopted, so that the very best results may be achieved.

Mr Hathaway comes across from the









window, where he has been standing gazing out. Waiting for her arrival. He takes something from beside his chair. Something strange, frightening: a large, broken-winged bird, black and iridescent. No, she sees it as an umbrella, but broken, the struts bent and twisted.

'This, Miranda,' Mr Hathaway says. 'Do you recall it?'

Yes. Or vaguely. Yesterday? She can see herself in the garden. 'You can show Mr Kingley the garden,' Mr Hathaway has said. His gentleman visitor. Is that right? It is not a nice day: windy with squalls of rain, but Mr Kingley nonetheless would like to see the garden. She has a shiny mac on, over her dress, and of course the high heels — are they red? — which are awkward and clumsy on the wet grass. And the black umbrella. The squally wind is whipping the red mac against her legs and threatening to tear the umbrella from her hand, to blow it inside out. Then in the summer-house...Mr Kingley is taking her mac off. She has no knickers on. Mr Hathaway has said no knickers...

'Look,' Mr Hathaway says again. 'Not much good now, is it, Miranda?' He looks at her and shakes his head. 'And you're late into the bargain. Oh dear. What are we going to do with you?'

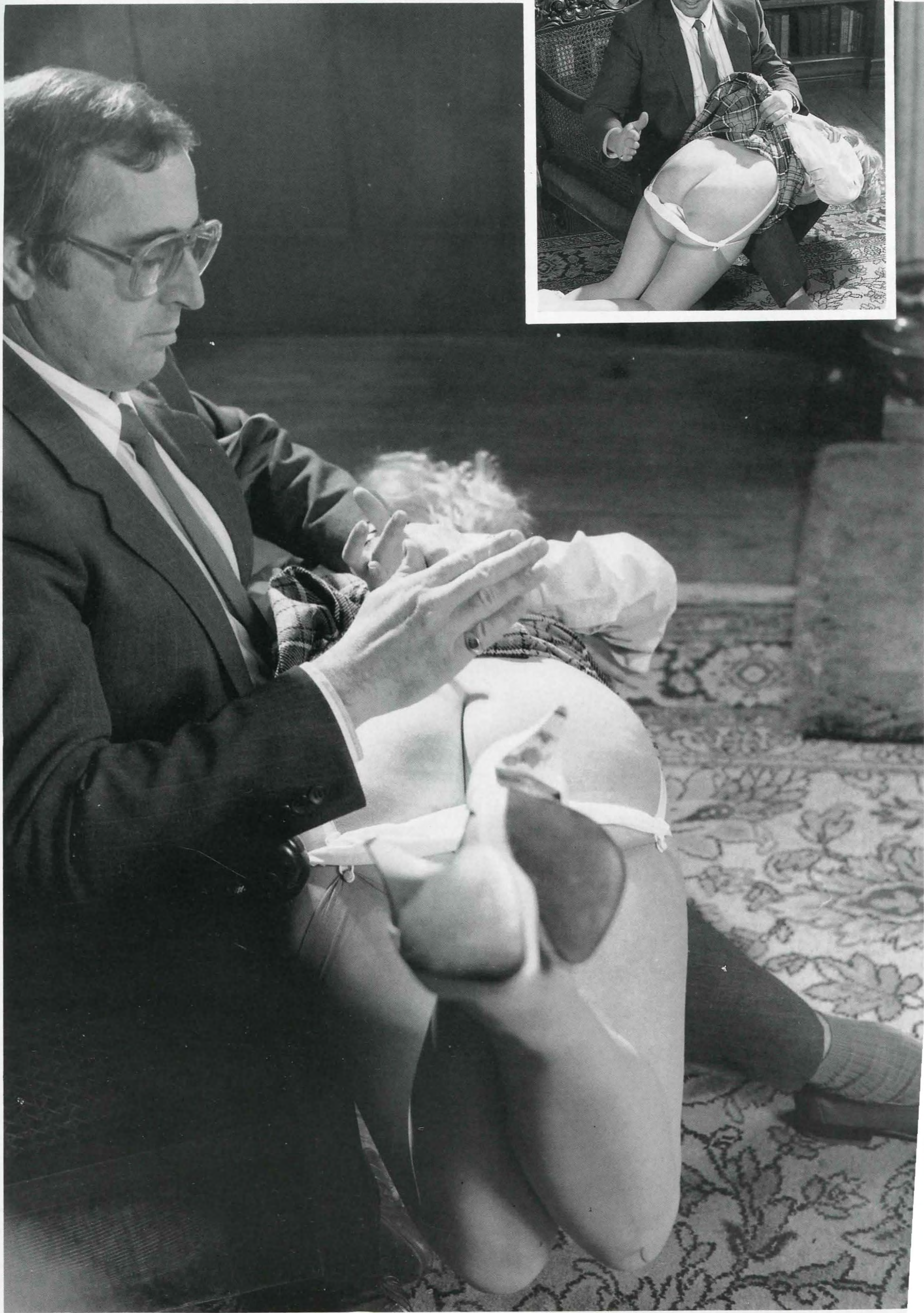
She looks again at the broken umbrella. She can't remember...that. She can remember the rest, or she thinks so. In the garden. In the summer-house. Mr Kingley laughing softly. 'It's nice in here. Cosy. And are you a nice girl, Miranda? Come on. Let's see. Let's see if you can show me...'

Yes, she can remember that. She thinks. But the umbrella....It was all right. Standing at the side, with a little pool of water forming at the bottom. Bending over the seat she watched it, the pool getting bigger and bigger. While Mr Kingley...And after that, when they went outside again, the rain had stopped. But clearly there is something wrong in that memory because here the umbrella is, like a poor broken-winged bird.

Miranda knows what Mr Hathaway is going to do, of course. His question is merely rhetorical. She knows pretty well. It will be what usually happens in the library. Even when she is not late, or there is not a broken umbrella. Those are just examples of the fact that she is certainly not ready to leave, nowhere near. 'Come here,' Mr Hathaway says. He has sat down on his favourite chair. 'Have you got knickers on?'

'Yes,' she says. 'I think...' The little room with Mrs Gilford already seems a long way away and of course there have been all the other mornings with Mrs Gilford in that little room. Choosing a pair of shoes. White or pink or apple green. Or scarlet red — like yesterday? It was red yesterday, not black. She thinks. And knickers? Yes there are knickers, Mr Hathaway is skimming them down. The plaid skirt is up over her back as she lies across his lap and he is sliding the skimpy silk knickers down. Miranda's blonde head is down close to the carpet and the spiky white shoes are









more. No squeals. In any case there's no  
a spanking. It is not too difficult to  
more or less silent during a spanking.  
Shortly, when Mr Hathaway uses the  
cane, it is admittedly more of a slap.  
And after that...

Bending over the chair. As she bends  
Mr Hathaway's cane, only it is not  
his cane. For the moment it is not

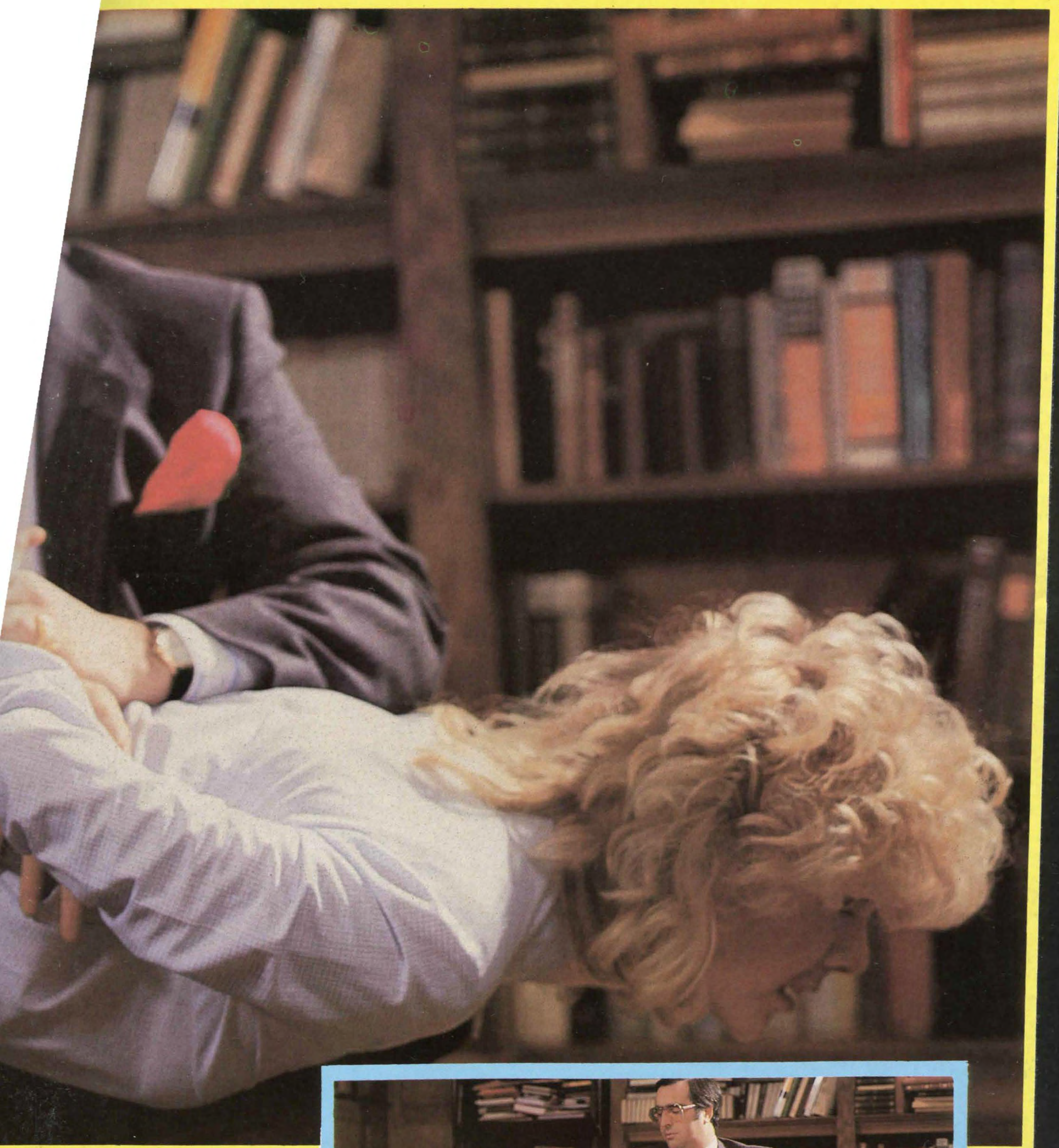


up, unsupported, unsupporting her. The  
shoes, and the trimly-nyloned legs, jerk  
and kick as Mr Hathaway's large hand  
begins its practiced task. There are  
muffled. 'Oouuufff!' sounds but nothing

Her bottom fiery hot from the cane; there  
is no feeling at this moment of floating,  
of insubstantialness. She grips onto the  
chair rungs, seeing in close focus the pat-  
tern of the carpet and, to the side, the  
broken umbrella. It *wasn't* broken  
yesterday. Was it? As she watched  
this same position



...Hathaway will  
 Yes. Now. She renews her grip. Look-  
 ing again at the umbrella. Maybe it isn't  
 broken. She has imagined it. Maybe she  
 is imaging Mr Hathaway now...do-



at he is doing. If there were mir-  
 here, in the library, they could  
 record it. If there had been a mir-  
 ne summer-house it could have  
 Mr Kingley. But there was  
 in the summer-house, only that  
 the dripping umbrella. And in  
 the books, content with their  
 knowledge, uninterested in the  
 girl who wanders on spiky  
 e corridors.





## Italian Lessons

'Would I be correct, Miss Milford, to say that temporary employment, such as you enjoy, is scarce in this town? Positions such as yours almost like gold-dust one could say?' Mr Vortelli's English was very good, though at times somewhat flowery. Diane answered nervously, 'I know that. Yes.'

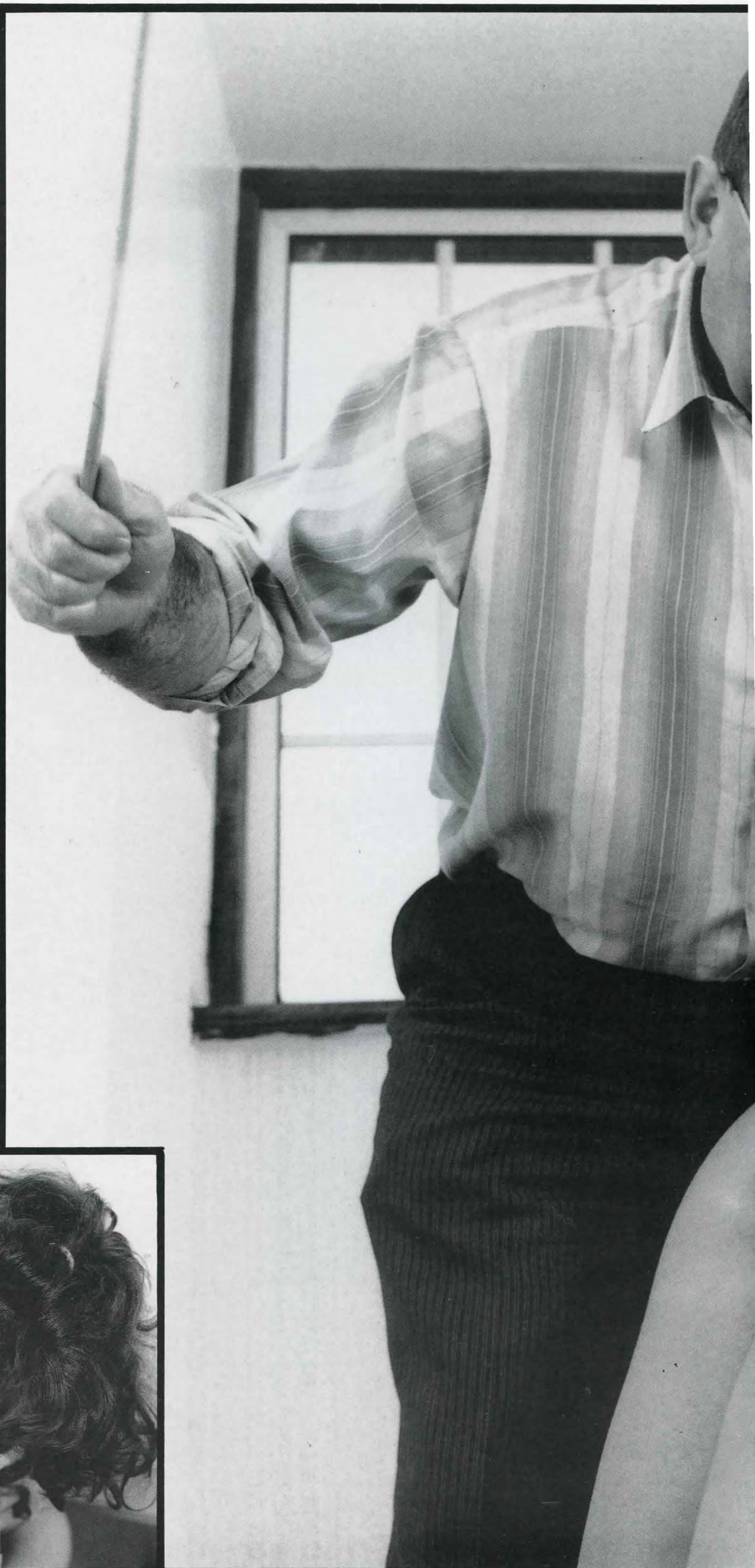
'So in that case, Miss Milford, I do not know why you are so free and easy with your job. Twice now you have been significantly late to start.'

'I'm sorry,' she muttered. Standing before Mr Vortelli in this secluded alcove at the rear of the restaurant. She had been late yesterday and also the day before. Not meaning to, it was that boy she had met. She wasn't late today, though: the restaurant didn't open for lunch for another hour. 'Be there at 11.30 tomorrow, Miss Milford,' Mr Vortelli had said. 'Otherwise your employment will terminate immediately. Do you understand?' Yes, she understood and she was here, on time.

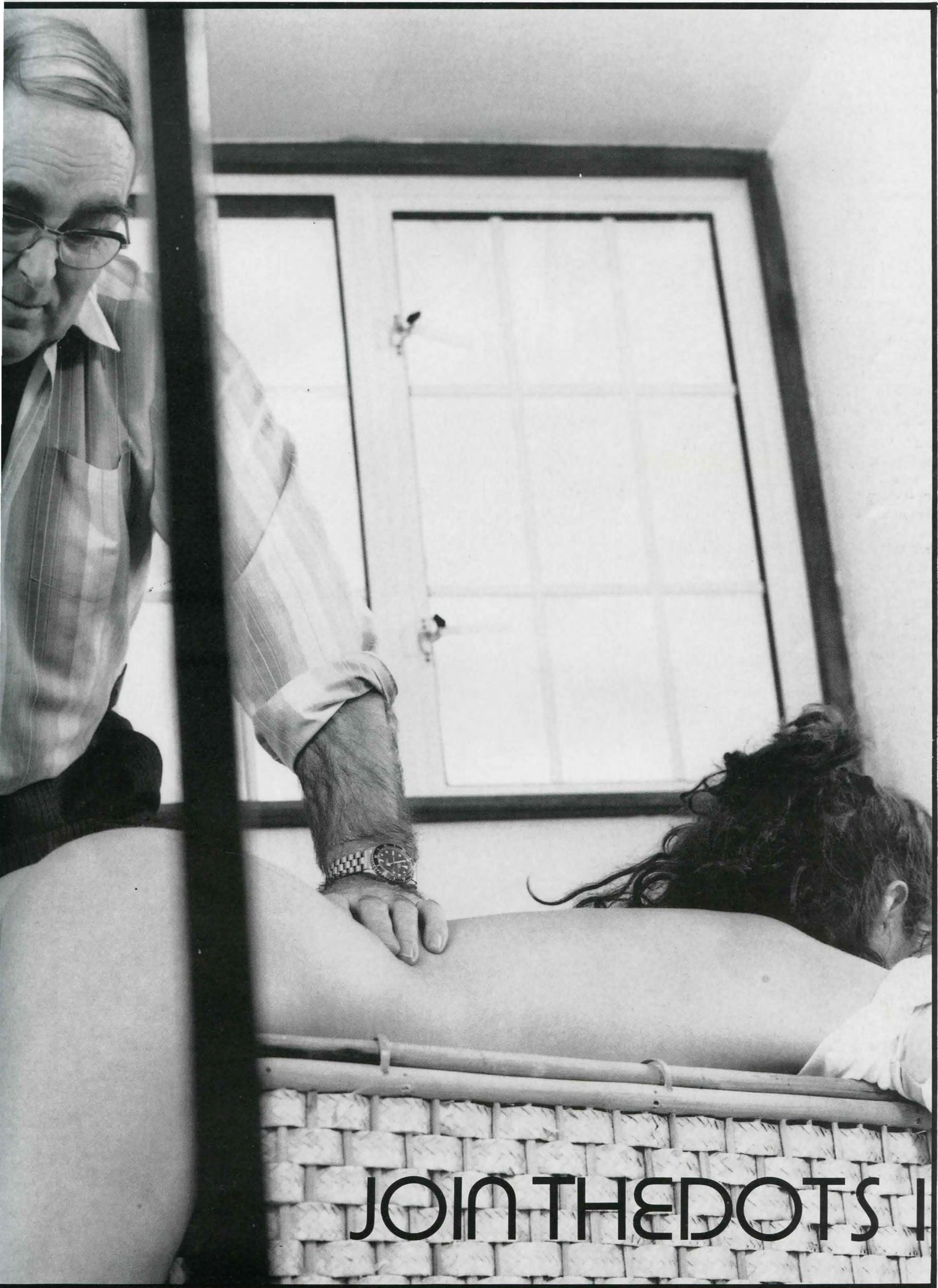
'You know the problem with you English girls, Miss Milford? No discipline. The problem with all you English. Your football hooligans and also your girls on holiday who when they are given a good job can't be bothered to be there at the correct time. Isn't that correct?'

She shook her head, flushing. Mr Vortelli was staring hard at her. At her tits it seemed in particular. She was wearing a white thin tee-shirt and brief shorts, and had nothing underneath. She had planned to put her uniform dress on when she got here, plus knickers and a bra of course. They were in her locker. But Mr Vortelli had caught her as she came in, said, 'Don't worry about the uniform. We're going to have our little talk. Right away.'

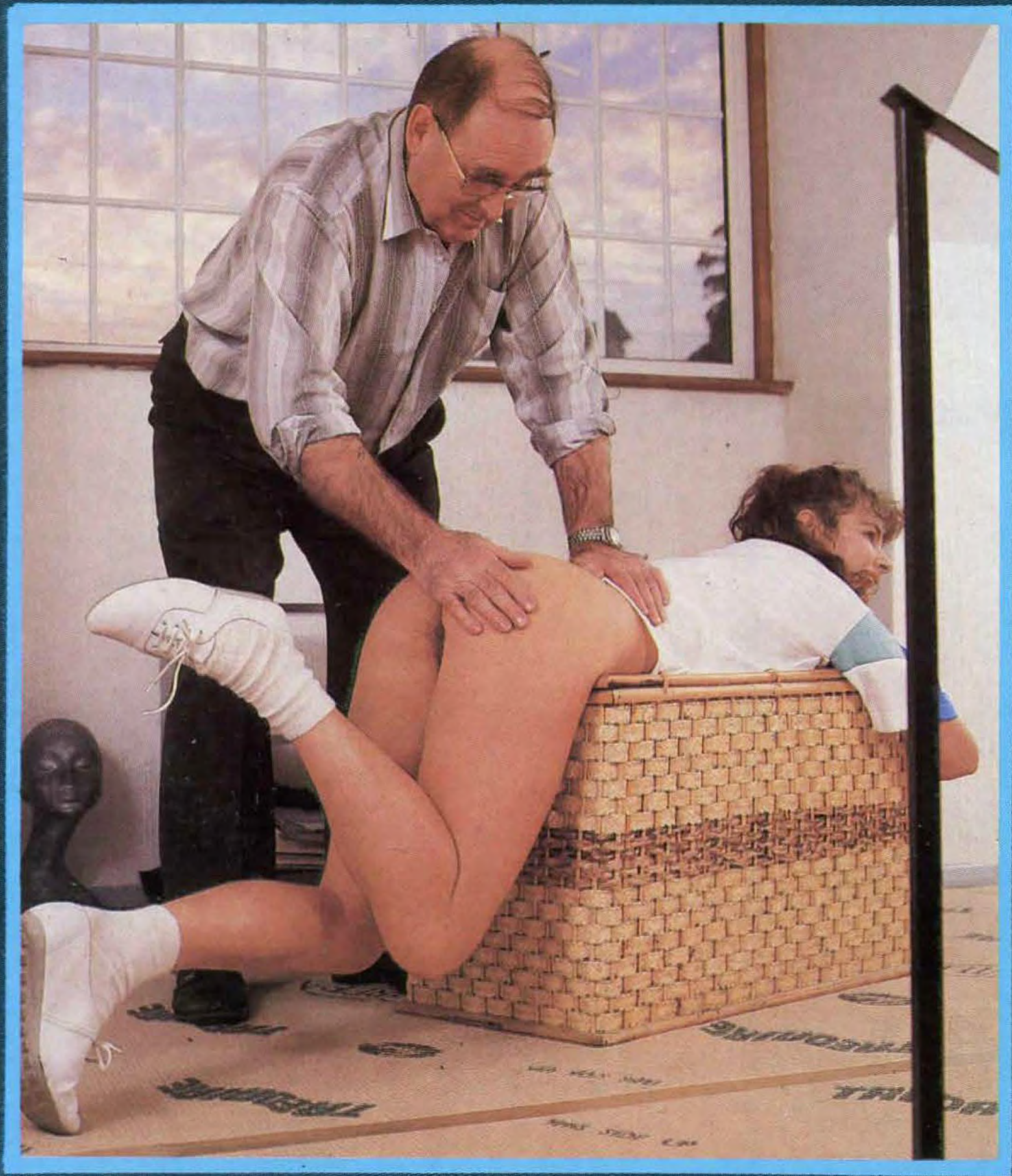
He was really staring at her tits. At her nipples which were pretty much in evidence under the thin white material. Diane could feel herself begin to sweat. It was one thing not wearing a bra outside, in the town or on the beach, but



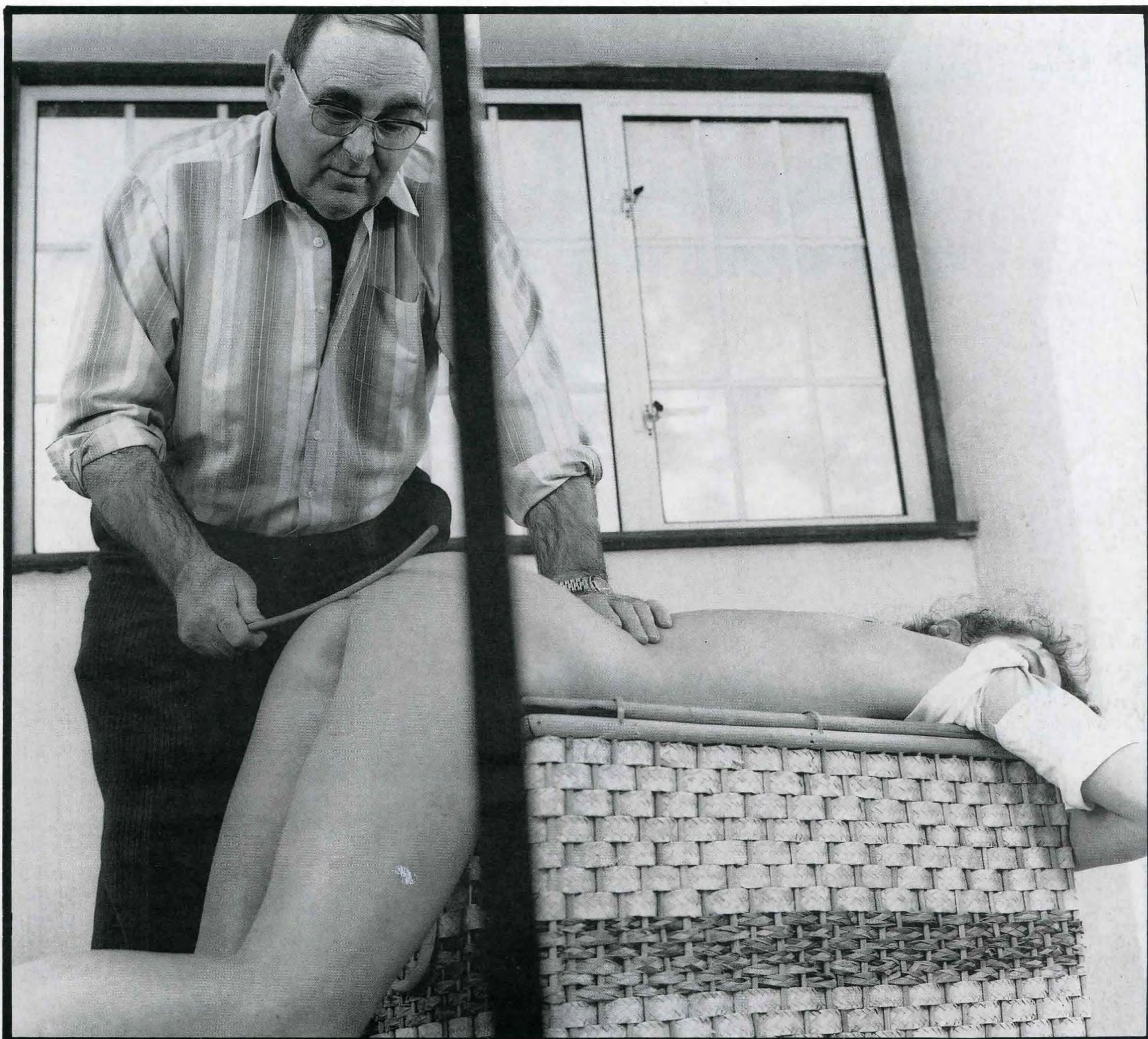












here at close quarters with Mr Vortelli was something else. He was in shirt and trousers, his big belly hanging over his belt. Still staring at her tits. She had a sudden vision of him reaching out and pulling up her top, baring them. Mr Vortelli was a bit scary. She would make sure she wasn't late again.

'Italian girls have discipline, Miss Milford. Do you know that?'

Diane nodded. There was no point getting in an argument. She would accept a telling off and would humbly apologise. Grovel if necessary. He was right of course, there weren't any spare jobs going and she needed to hang onto what she'd got.

'They have discipline, Miss Milford, because they are taught discipline. Their fathers teach it to them. With a stick, Miss Milford. Or a little whip. On their bottoms. Or perhaps the backs of their legs. That is how Italian girls learn discipline and so their employers have no problems with them coming in late all the

time.'

Diane shuffled her feet. She still had on her ankle socks and sneakers, not the high heels she had to wear for work. Did Italian girls really get that sort of treatment? 'I...I'm really not going to be late any more, Mr Vortelli.'

'No, Miss? I suppose your father never whipped your bottom. Eh?'

Diane could feel herself flushing again. It seemed hotter than ever in here in spite of her having very little on. Or perhaps of course *because* of that. Making Mr Vortelli's eyes shine behind his glasses. And what he was saying. She shook her head.

'Then perhaps that is what you need, Miss. Eh? A little whipping. To teach that pretty bottom some discipline.'

The words came out soft and silky. Like a snake slithering out of the grass and suddenly confronting her. Causing all her nerve endings to go into instant alarm. She produced a weak sort of half-smile. *He doesn't mean it. He is just try-*

*ing to scare me.* She shook her head again. 'I...I'm really going to be on time. Every day, Mr Vortelli. I really promise.'

'I am sure you do, Miss Milford. But I am of the opinion that a little whipping will ensure that. Like our own girls.'

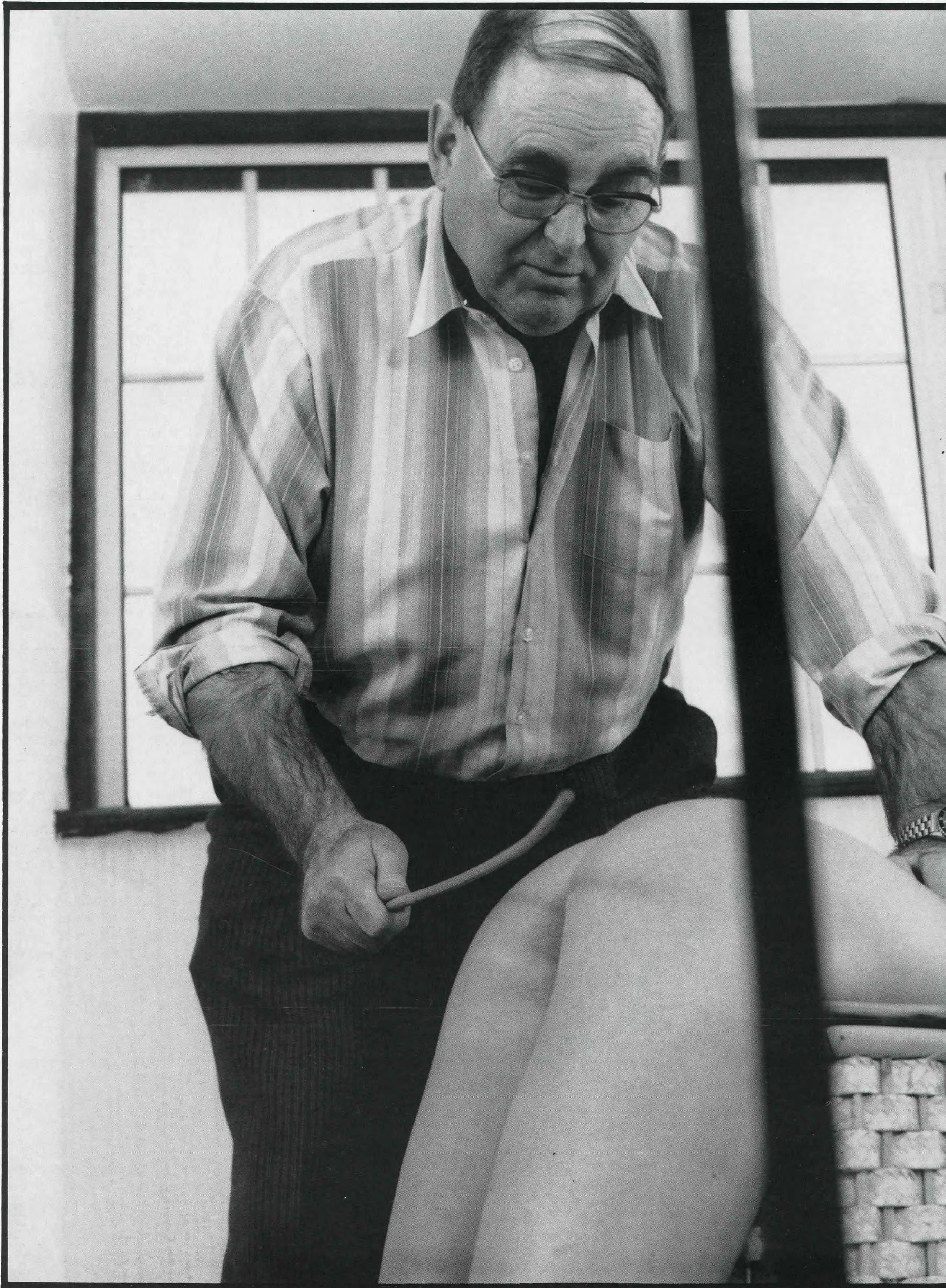
Diane was suddenly feeling sick. Mr Vortelli wasn't joking. He really meant it. Shaking her head...with that awful feeling in her stomach.

'Yes, Miss. I am going to take your shorts down. And whip that pretty bottom.'

'No! You can't! Look...' Her on-show nipples were forgotten now. With the sickening thought of what Mr Vortelli had said. Taking her shorts down...and she had nothing underneath. Vigorously shaking her head, sending the black curls into violent motion.

'If you won't accept it, Miss Milford, I shall terminate your employment immediately. I don't need to tell you there are hundreds of girls out there desperate









And then...kneeling. Reaching up. Mr Vortelli was kneeling too. 'No...oooo...' But his hands were at her shorts. Tugging them down. Discovering the absence of knickers. That there was nothing underneath except the pretty English girl's firmly rounded flanks, haunches. She gave a desperate little squeak. Mr Vortelli had them right down, to her knees. And then, his hands...

'Pull this up as well, shall we? So we can see all of you.' He was sliding up the tee-shirt. As she had earlier imagined him doing. Diane gave another squeal of shock but there was nothing she could so, a rabbit frozen into immobility by the terror of a weasel. An extremely pretty rabbit with now her extremely pretty tits bared for the weasel's gaze. As her flinching buttocks were equally bared.

'There we are, Miss Milford. Now hold on quite tightly. I expect it will hurt. Do you think so?'

He *couldn't*. This couldn't be happening. You couldn't just...cane...

'Aaaiieehhh...!'

\* \* \*

'Do you think that business yesterday will be the answer, Miss Milford? Do you think that will be the answer to your little problems?'

They were in the little room at the top of the building, above the restaurant, a sort of attic. From the window you could





for a job. I took you because you were very pretty and that is good for business. But there are lots of pretty girls and some of them, even the English ones, will not be late all the time.'

'*I won't!*' Her voice hysterical now. '*I won't be late.*' Mr Vortelli's large face came close. 'Are you going to take a whipping or not, Miss Milford. Or do you want to leave right away?'

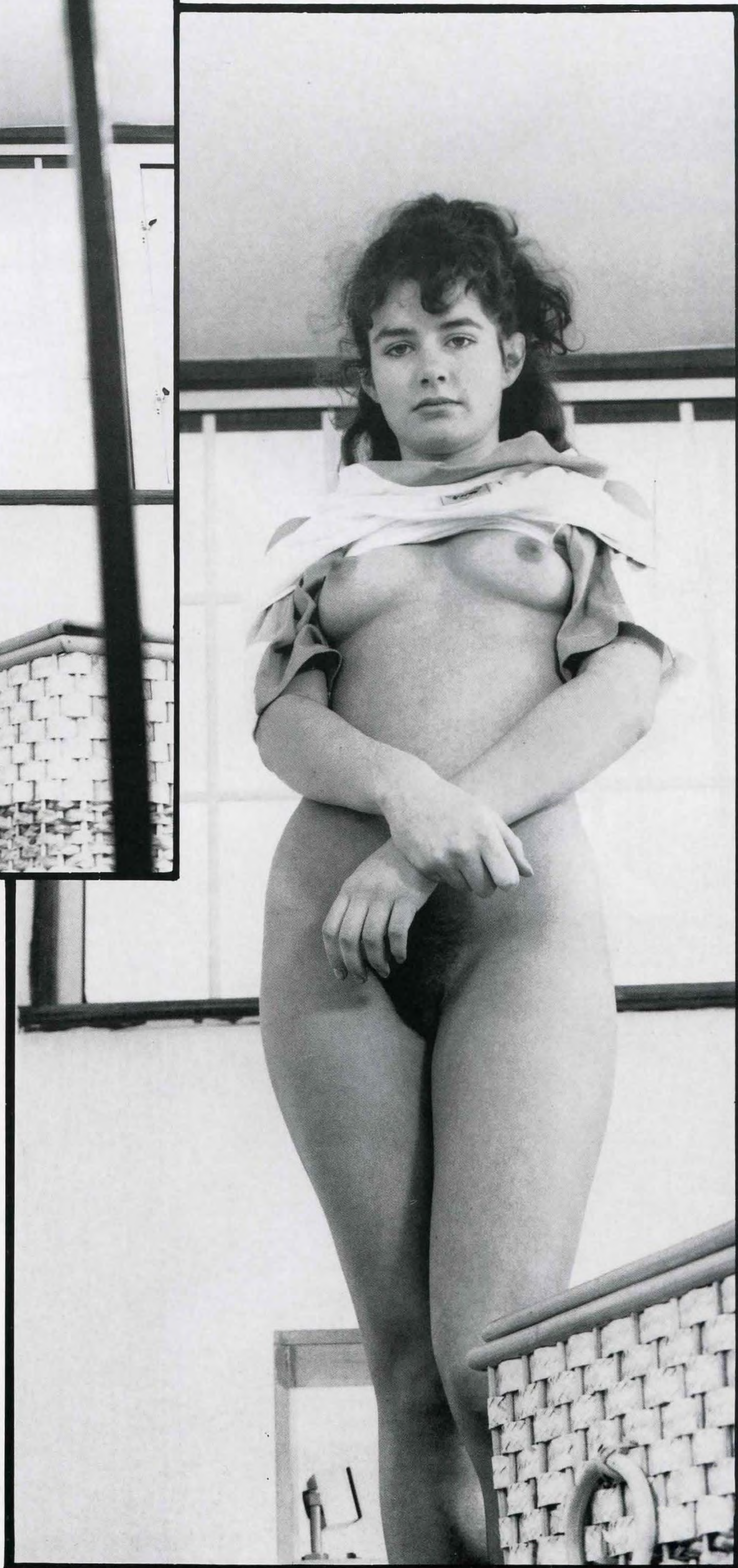
She stood there. There seemed to be no air in the room. She couldn't go. She couldn't get another job and she'd have to go home. She *couldn't* do that. But...Mr Vortelli was going over to the basket chair. Unhooking it from the pivot. Taking it over to the side. What...?

'Over here, Miss. Kneel in the middle. And raise your arms up to hold on to the hook.'

Her head was spinning. Perhaps she was going to be sick. From somewhere Mr Vortelli had now got a dreadful looking stick in his hand. A long, thin black stick. A cane. He...couldn't...use that...

'Come on, Miss.'

She was walking over to him. On it seemed like someone else's legs, legs that were walking without her telling them to.









It may be a joke but...Mr Filford is going to...she yelps out again when the reach the desk but it does not good. He is pushing her down. Face-down across the top. This *can't* be happening. But the cold, hard top of the desk is real enough. And Mr Filford...is dragging up her dress. His hands on her legs, her thighs. 'Keep *still! Don't you move.*' She can't move anyway, her body feels devoid of any strength, beyond her control. Because this is quite unreal. Mr Filford...is pulling down her tights. It is quite impossible. His hand is there, on her bare thighs, her tight knickers. And then...

'Aaayyyyaahhh...!'

He has caned her. Hit her hard across the seat of her knickers, stretched skin-tight in her bent-over position. The pain is killing; and there is also of course the impossible awfulness of this: being caned on her bottom, her dress up, her tights down. Because with that killing cut the sense of unreality has completely gone. It is real all right. Her scream..it was partly muffled by the table so maybe they haven't heard downstairs. She is making whimpering sobbing sounds now. From above her Mr Filford's voice says, 'One more. And keep it quiet.' She gasps a frantic. 'Nooo....ooo.' But...

'Aaayyhhh...!'

'OK. Get up now.' Her bottom...it is absolutely white hot. Great waves of pain where the second one has landed almost on top of the first. 'Get up and pull your tights up,' Mr Filford says. 'Before someone comes in.'

She is gasping for breath. Fighting the sobs. She blinks eyes that are filled with hot tears. Through the distorting tears she sees it. The cane. Which Mr Filford has twice whipped breath-stoppingly in across her poor bottom. He is taking it over to the cabinet. Sticking it down behind. Coming back.

'Perhaps in future we'd better do it when everyone is out. We wouldn't want you to be embarrassed by someone coming in here.'

Susan is struggling with her tights under her dress. Her face is scarlet. The initial sharp sting in her bottom has changed into a heavy, sickening ache. She won't be able to sit down...How could he...

'And those tights,' Mr Filford says. 'Not convenient for this sort of thing. I think we'd better have you wearing stockings in future.'

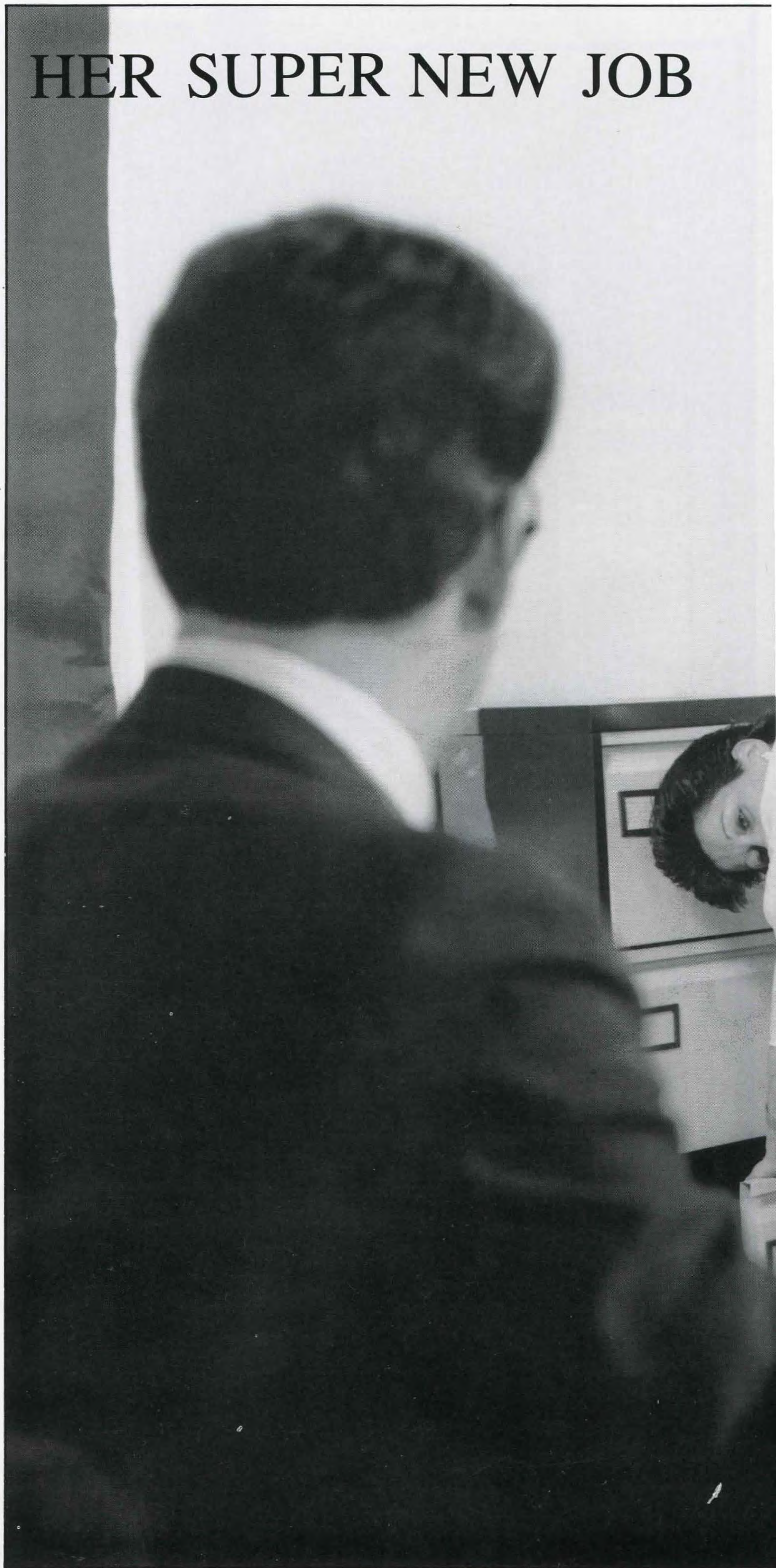
What is he saying? Her head is still full of the enormity of what Mr Filford has done. What he is saying and the implication gradually gets through to her. Mr Filford is planning...to do this again...

'No...!'

 Shaking her head wildly. She is trembling all over. Mr Filford comes close. His arm comes round her slim waist.

'Don't be silly, Susan. Of course you have to have it. We agreed, didn't we? If you make some careless mistake. Because you do seem to be very careless.' His hand squeezes soft flesh.

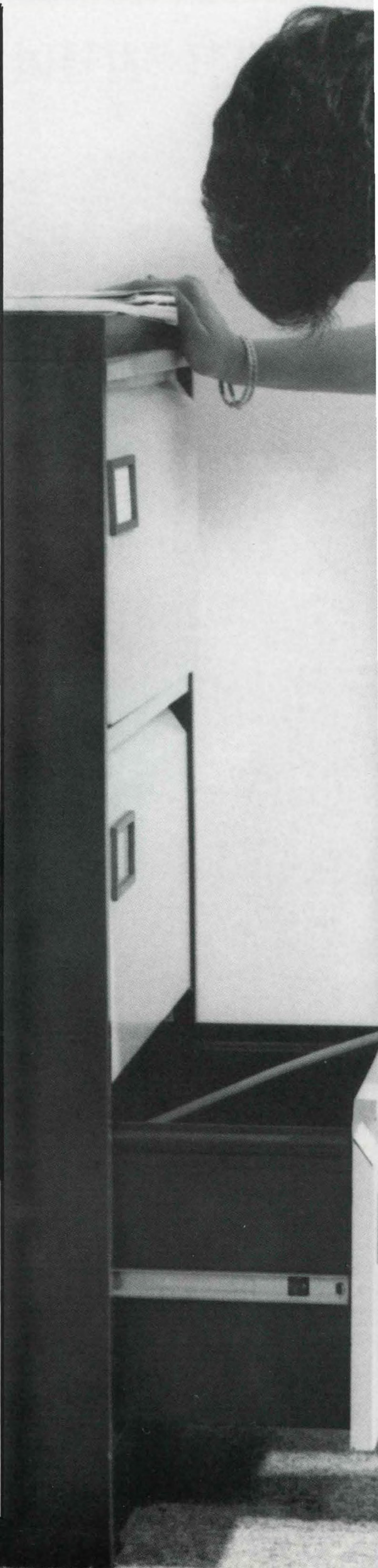
## HER SUPER NEW JOB















'But don't worry, the others aren't going to know. We can do it after work. Or we could do it in a client's house if no one's in.'

She can't believe it. It's not possible. She must simply tell him... Susan tries to. To tell him that he simply *can't* do that ever again. But the words don't come out very coherently. And Mr Filford is waving his hands dismissively, saying it is over. For the moment at least. Telling her to go over to her desk and let him have her comments on these papers. And she is doing that. Taking the papers over to her desk. Sitting painfully down on her smarting bottom. She shouldn't do this, she should go back over to his desk and say it again, so that he has to take notice. 'Look: you can't *ever* do that again.' But she isn't, she is trying to read the papers, only her eyes won't focus. And there is still that tell-tale catch, a sob, every now and then in her breathing. All right; she'll say it at lunchtime.

Susan tries to, when Mr Filford takes her to the pub again. He won't listen, won't take any notice. 'Look, it's not a joke,' she half mumbles. It is no use. 'Look at me,' he tells her. She doesn't want to but he insists. Mr Filford can have a hard, piercing look which she doesn't like meeting. 'No, it isn't a joke,' he tells her, 'and it's not a joke that you're careless. And if you're careless I'm going to do it.'

Feeling impotent, that at any moment she may burst into tears, Susan says in a little-girl voice, 'I...want...to resign.' Mr Filford gives a snorting laugh and leans close.

'Don't be silly. Of course you don't want to resign. Anyway you can't, you've signed a contract. Look; be sensible. And if you're careful and don't do silly things I shan't need to do it.'

The problem is that she's not strong-willed, not forceful. Whereas Mr Filford is. There is nothing she can do; she can't even insist on leaving. For the first time the thought comes that Mr Filford might have put those papers in the wrong place himself. No. He wouldn't do that.

'OK?' he asks. 'Here, let's get you another drink.' She shakes her head, as an indication of helplessness more than anything. She accepts another drink.

When Mr Filford brings the drinks back he takes out his wallet. Pulling out some notes. Grinning at her. 'I want you to do some shopping, Susan. You can take off an hour or however long it takes.'

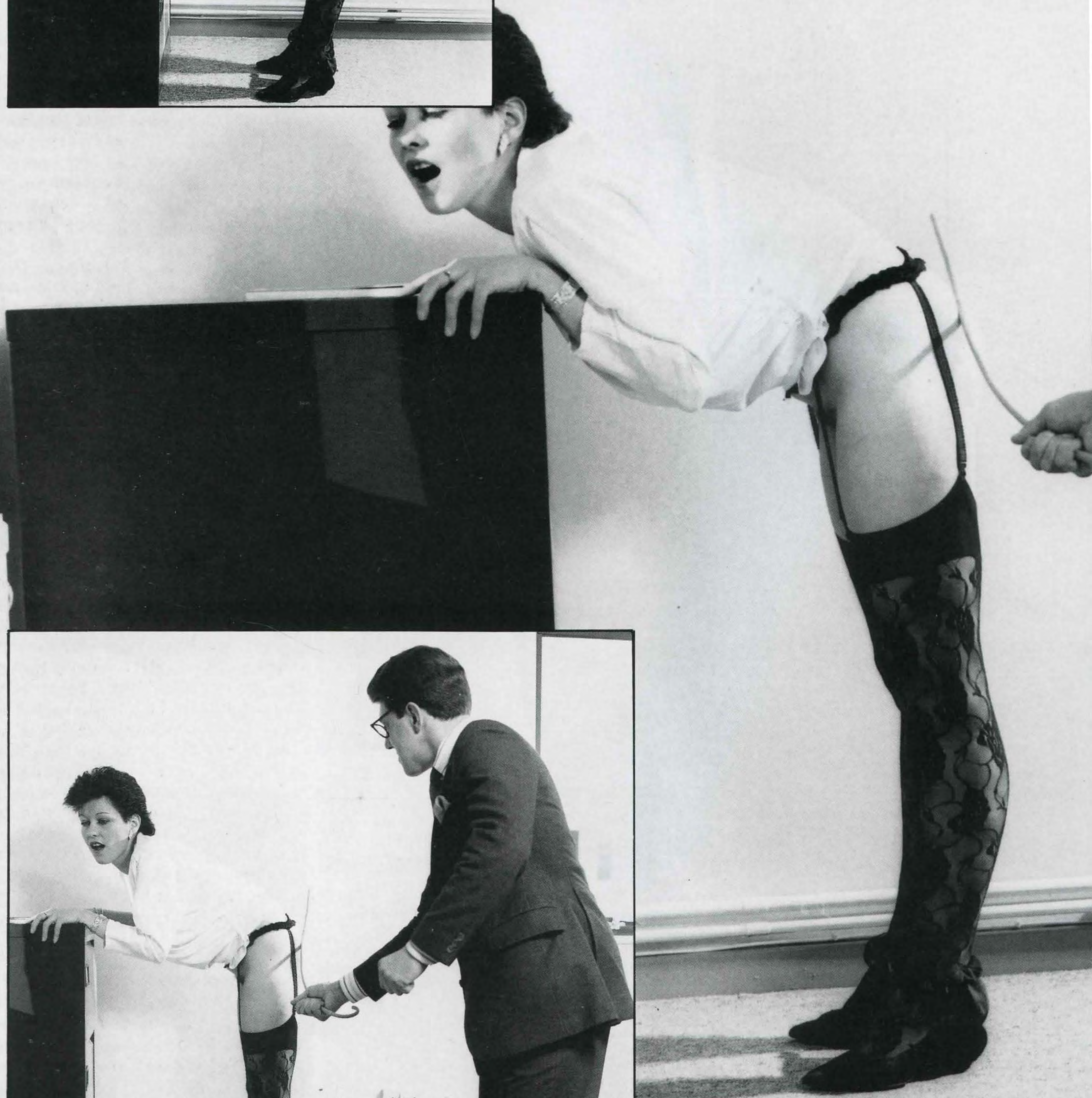
What he wants is for her to go and buy some stockings. Nylons. And a suspender belt. That's what he wants her to wear to the office from now on.

'Just in case we need...'

She tries to refuse. Mr Filford simply takes her bag and puts the notes in it. 'Don't be silly, Susan. You keep on being silly. There's nothing strange about nylons; I happen to know that lots of girls wear them nowadays. Come on, drink up. I'll expect you in an hour or so.'

What can she do? As Mr Filford with









a little wave of his hand strides off towards the office. Susan is well aware that if she does what Mr Filford wants she will be acquiescing, accepting all this impossible, dreadful business. Refuse? She can't, she can't stand up to him. If she goes back without them he'll probably march her back to a shop himself. Stand over her. She feels a desperate need to call David — or her mother. But what good will that do? What can she say: my boss is making me buy some nylons? It sounds ridiculous. Or: my boss has caned me. Taken my tights down and caned me. There is no way she can say that either.

She has been standing there forlornly, not far from the pub, for some minutes. A man who has been watching her comes across the road. 'Hello, beautiful. Been stood up? Let me buy you a drink.' She shakes her head fiercely and sets off, towards the shopping centre.

It doesn't take an hour to buy four pairs of nylons and a suspender belt but there is no point hanging about, there is nothing else she wants to do. She has to go back, to Filford and Billingsworth, that super job which now gives her a sick feeling in her stomach to think about. She tries to think positive: if she doesn't make careless mistakes Mr Filford won't have any reason...or excuse...

'OK?' enquires Mr Filford. 'Done your shopping?' His eyes are bright as she enters the office, wishing she were a little mouse that could creep in unseen. She swallows, not answering, but she has the bag in her hand. 'Let me see,' says Mr Filford. 'No; better, why don't you put them on. Then we'll see.'

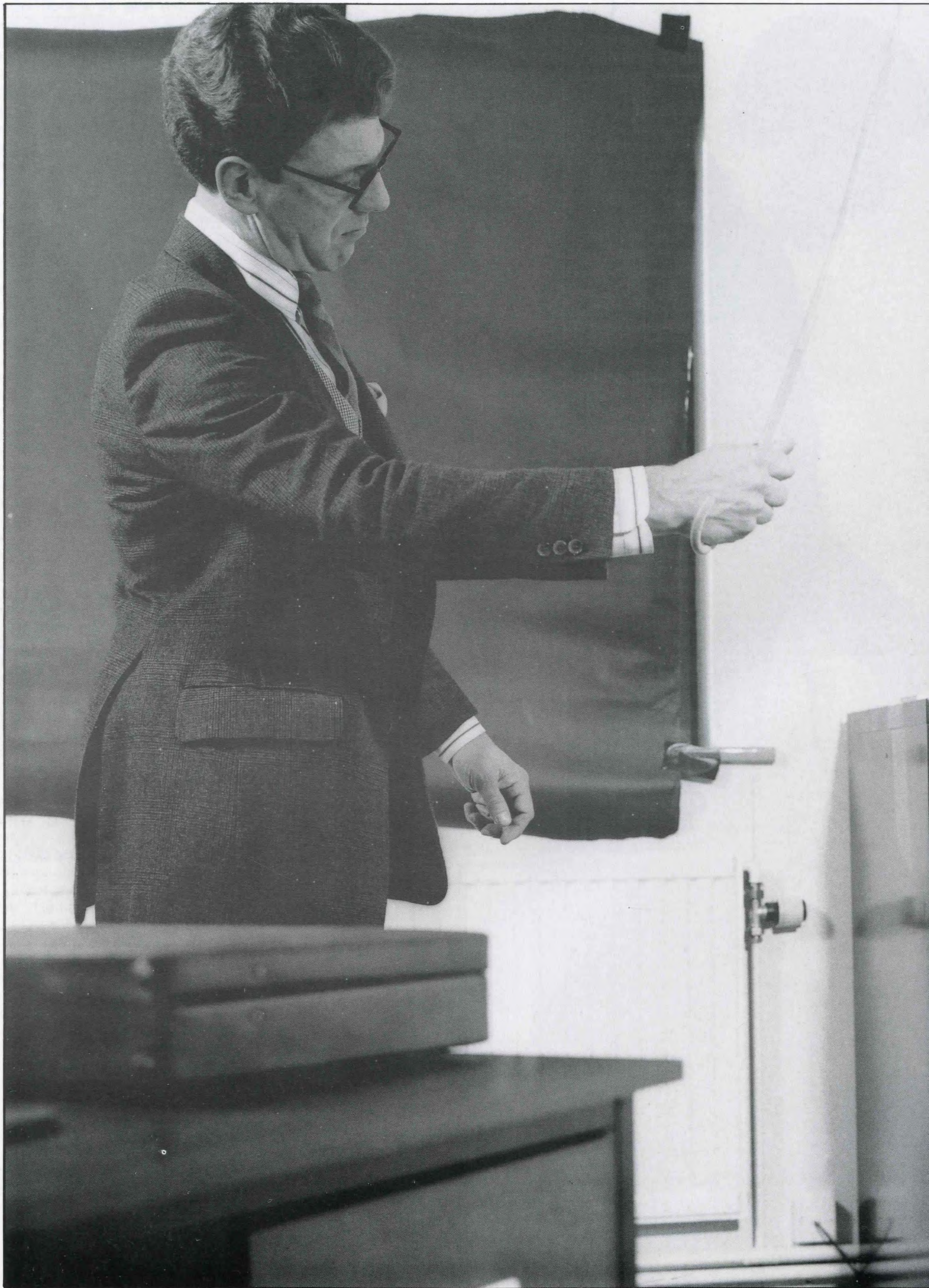
Susan wants to protest, refuse. But what is the point. She has gone along with him and bought these things. Mr Filford is going to insist. He might even grab her and threaten to do it himself if she won't.

'Good. Come over here. And let me see.' She has gone out, down the stairs to the toilet and come back up. Under her dress are a pair of the nylons and the suspender belt. Susan is not used to wearing nylons and it is a funny feeling, the nylon tops tight at mid-thigh and above that her thighs bare. Mr Filford wants to see, wants to lift up her dress. That is not at all a reasonable request, in any other circumstances it would be ridiculous, unthinkable. But these aren't ordinary circumstances that Susan has somehow allowed herself to get into. How has she got into a situation where Mr Filford can ask — or tell — her to lift her dress...and she has to? She doesn't know, but...red-faced, she is lifting her dress.

'Come on, right up.' It is a white suspender belt which contrasts with the dark rims at the tops of the stockings and further up with the pale blue of her knickers. 'Nice,' Mr Filford says approvingly. 'Now turn round. No, keep your dress up.'

They are seamed nylons, as he had specified. 'Very nice. Well that's what









you'll wear from now on, Susan. Where are those tights? Give them to me. I'll dispose of them.'

\* \* \*

Susan had ideas of hiding the nylons and suspender belt from David but he is home before her and she can't immediately disappear. He puts his arms round her — hardly an unreasonable thing for a husband to do — and somehow... 'What's this?' his hand has discovered a nylon top.

Panic hits her — as if David has discovered incontrovertible evidence that she has been fucking her boss — or discovered that Mr Filford has caned her which seems just as bad. Somehow Susan keeps control. Nylons are not that unusual these days — as Mr Filford himself has said. She fends off David's groping hand. 'Oh...I just thought I'd try them.' He's not going to think it's strange she should suddenly get them after starting at Filford and Billingsworth is he?

David is grabbing her skirt up to see the nylons. He thinks they're sexy, as a lot of men do. He decides he wants to go upstairs, to bed. Right away. Susan wouldn't normally agree to this (not that he normally wants it, it's the nylons), but today...after all that happened. Yes. Sex is a huge release. She comes, in a big gasping orgasm, which is not at all like her.

Yes, sex is a release, but afterwards...what has happened. And tomorrow...she has to wear the nylons and suspender belt again. For Mr Filford. Who is going to...she tells herself he won't do anything, as long as she's careful and doesn't make mistakes. But she knows he will. Through nervousness or whatever she'll do something wrong. And then...

She can't bear to think. She grabs David. She suddenly wants sex again. Grabbing for his penis. She's not like this, never. He quickly becomes hard again. Mounts her. She is making gasping, mewling sounds. Afterwards she starts sobbing. David wants to know what's wrong. She would love to tell him but there's no question of that. Still sobbing she says 'Nothing'. Or tries to...

\* \* \*

Mr Filford does it in the house of one of their clients the next day. A house that they go to see in the morning after coffee. Mr Filford has the keys. 'I hope I don't lose them!' he says before they leave in his car. It's meant as a joke. Susan forces a smile but she doesn't feel like laughing. She is on tenterhooks and going out with Mr Filford to an empty house...when she arrived this morning after an awful night — lying away for hours — Mr Filford made her lift her skirt and show him. The nylons, suspender belt, her knickers. Why





couldn't she simply refuse. He can't behave like that. Tell him a joke is a joke but it's over. Instead of just...doing it. And then, being told that they are to go and see this house. She knows...

He does. He simply says it. When they are in the sitting room of the house. Grinning at her. 'Shall we try it then, Susan? We're not going to be interrupted here.'

She can pretend she doesn't know what he's talking about but that won't do any good, and anyway Susan does know. She feels sick. She wants to run out, into the street. 'NO!' It is almost a scream. 'No...please.'

Mr Filford just smiles. 'Come on.'

'NO. I...haven't done anything.'

He says yes, he found some more papers wrongly filed this morning. He thinks she's still being careless. She needs another reminder. Susan shakes her head. She is trembling all over. He can't. From somewhere Mr Filford has produced a leather strap.

'Come on. Bend over the table.'

Another hysterical shake of her head. 'Bend over!' Mr Filford rasps, whipping the strap down through the air. 'Do it at once. Perhaps we'd better have your knickers down as well this time, Susan. Come on.'

And that is what he does. Gets Susan over the table. Grabs up her dress. Yanks down her knickers. Whips the strap in across her nude bottom. She squeals out at the stinging pain of the strap. Writhes and jerks her stricken bare bottom. The strap whips down again. And again. Producing more frantic squeals, more frenzied writhings. The writhing and jerking, the desperate squeals, are not stopping Mr Filford however. He is imply continuing, one arm round her waist, holding her in position, holding her dress up clear of her writhing bottom, while his other arm whips the strap in.

Susan can't speak at the end of it. When Mr Filford finally decides she's had enough. Awful gasping, sobbing sounds are coming out. She is all blocked up, can hardly breath and there is no hope of forming intelligible words. Of saying what she wants to say.

'Pull your knickers up,' Mr Filford tells her. 'And go and wash your face if you want to. Then we've go to look over this house, remember?'

It is some little time before Susan can trust herself to try to speak. After she has gone to the bathroom and washed her red face and had a drink of water and, with things clearing up slightly, taken some deep breaths. Then: 'I'm g...going to...tell my husband.' It doesn't sound perfect but it is clear enough.

Mr Filford gives a little smile. 'I...am...I really am...'

Mr Filford laughs his little laugh again. 'Don't be silly. Or are you going to tell him you agreed to it?' He comes close and puts an arm round her.

'Tell him you bought the stockings and suspender belt for your canings. Are you going to tell him that?'





The sobs are still coming at intervals. She twists away from him. His hand smacks her bottom and she gives a hysterical yelp. She won't tell her husband. Will she? Arthur Filford is quite sure she won't. Or 99 per cent sure. It is not wholly impossible that in a hysterical state...she could blurt it out. If she did of course...

Whipping her with the strap was the most fantastic, mind-zonking experience he has ever had. Even more fantastic than he had imagined it. Hitting her with the cane yesterday was fabulous but this time, with her bottom bare....But perhaps he shouldn't have done it today; not taken her knickers down. Perhaps it was too soon: well, it's only the second day, not counting Wednesday with the ruler across her hand of course. If he had waited until next week for the first knickers down...but against that you could argue it was best to do it today before the weekend. So that she doesn't have all the weekend to get her resolve together. It is certainly better to have got this far, got her knickers down and strapped her bare bottom...as long as he hasn't pushed too far too soon.

'Come on.' A nice reassuring, friendly voice. 'Let's get this house looked at.'

Susan gives Mr Filford a quick, still red-eyed look. Mr Filford who has unbelievably taken her knickers down and strapped her bare bottom. 'I...am,' she says, looking away. 'I shall tell him. You can't do that.'

Arthur Filford smiles. It is not a wholly confident, nonchalant smile. She is probably just saying it to reassure herself. But on the other hand...he experiences a slight flutter of panic. An enraged husband, a good bit younger than himself. Not to mention the other aspect. Sexual harassment. A most extreme example of it. Well, how would it look in the papers: house agent takes female employee's knickers down and whips her bare bottom? These panicky thoughts serve only to bring his desire up again. For that superb bare bottom. He wants to do it again. NOW. Not only that but the other. Give her a fuck. Strap her bottom again and then get her on one of the beds upstairs and give her a really good fuck...

Arthur Filford controls these wild urges. With some difficulty. He's done enough, perhaps more than enough, for today, this week. On Monday. He'll have another good go on Monday.

If she's in. If she comes in. If by then he hasn't had a maddened Mr David Hillway on the phone, or round at his house. If he doesn't get that and she comes in as normal on Monday...then whatever she says or protests the bottom line will be that she's going to take it. The bottom line. She's going to take it lying down. Bent over first...and then lying down. In here? Yes, it'll still be empty next week. Yes in here.

Arthur Filford squeezes Susan's arm. 'I'm going to,' she repeats, squirming away.



# JOIN THE DOTS 2

see the trees which shaded the garden and terrace and further over the azure blue of the sea. Diane could still feel that dreadful black cane, feel it zipping into her bottom as if it was going to cut right through, cut her in half. Yesterday morning. She could barely walk afterwards. There had been a half an hour to get herself into some sort of presentable state, composure. Get her uniform on and try and act as if everything was normal, talk to the other staff, smile at the customers. While the ache in her bottom was simply killing her. 'Has that done the trick, Miss? Are you going to be on time in the morning?' Mr Vortelli asked when it was time to leave. And then said he wanted her again an hour early in the morning. 'To see how well we are learning.'

'We will go upstairs, Miss. Up to the top. More air I think.' There was nothing much in the room, no basket-chair frame to make her kneel beneath. Just some piles of junk along one side, and a large wicker basket out in the middle. Why had he brought her up here? And why make her come in an hour early again. Mr Vortelli couldn't be planning...any more. NO! He had done it and she had been forced to accept it. But...not any more. But she had laid awake thinking about it,









thinking that mind-searing thought. That Mr Vortelli *was* having her in early...to do it again.

'Yes.' Her voice half-choky because she was scared. Of being up here alone with him. After yesterday. Yes she was quite sure. She would never be a second late again. The thought of going on working for Mr Vortelli after yesterday made her feel slightly ill but she had no choice, she had to stay now she had met Robert.

'Completely cured, Miss Milford?' Mr Vortelli's voice had a teasing edge to it. He had moved over to the window. 'Come here. Take a look at our beautiful sea — which brings all you pretty English girls to our town, eh?'

Diane went to stand next to him. To look at the sea beyond the trees. But that wasn't Mr Vortelli's main interest. His hand came onto her bottom. Gripping the near-side cheek. 'A little shock to the posterior, was it, Miss Milford?'

She squirmed. Diane had a skirt on today. And knickers. And a bra under her tee-shirt. Mr Vortelli's hand squeezed. 'Perhaps it needs more, Miss.'

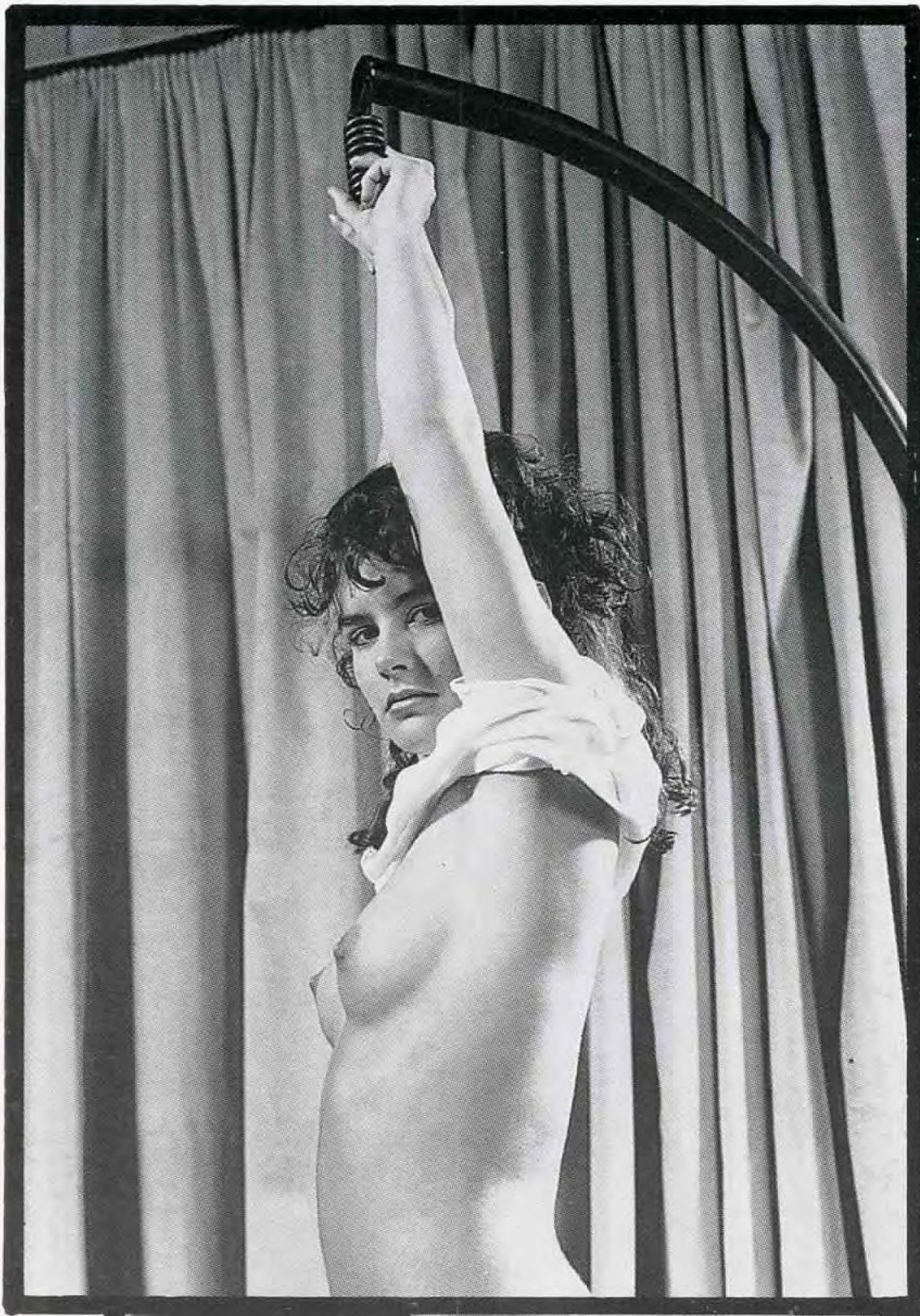
'NO!' A panicky yelp. He was thinking...of that. 'NO! Look...' Half squirming away...but Mr Vortelli's hand on your bum wasn't in the same league as



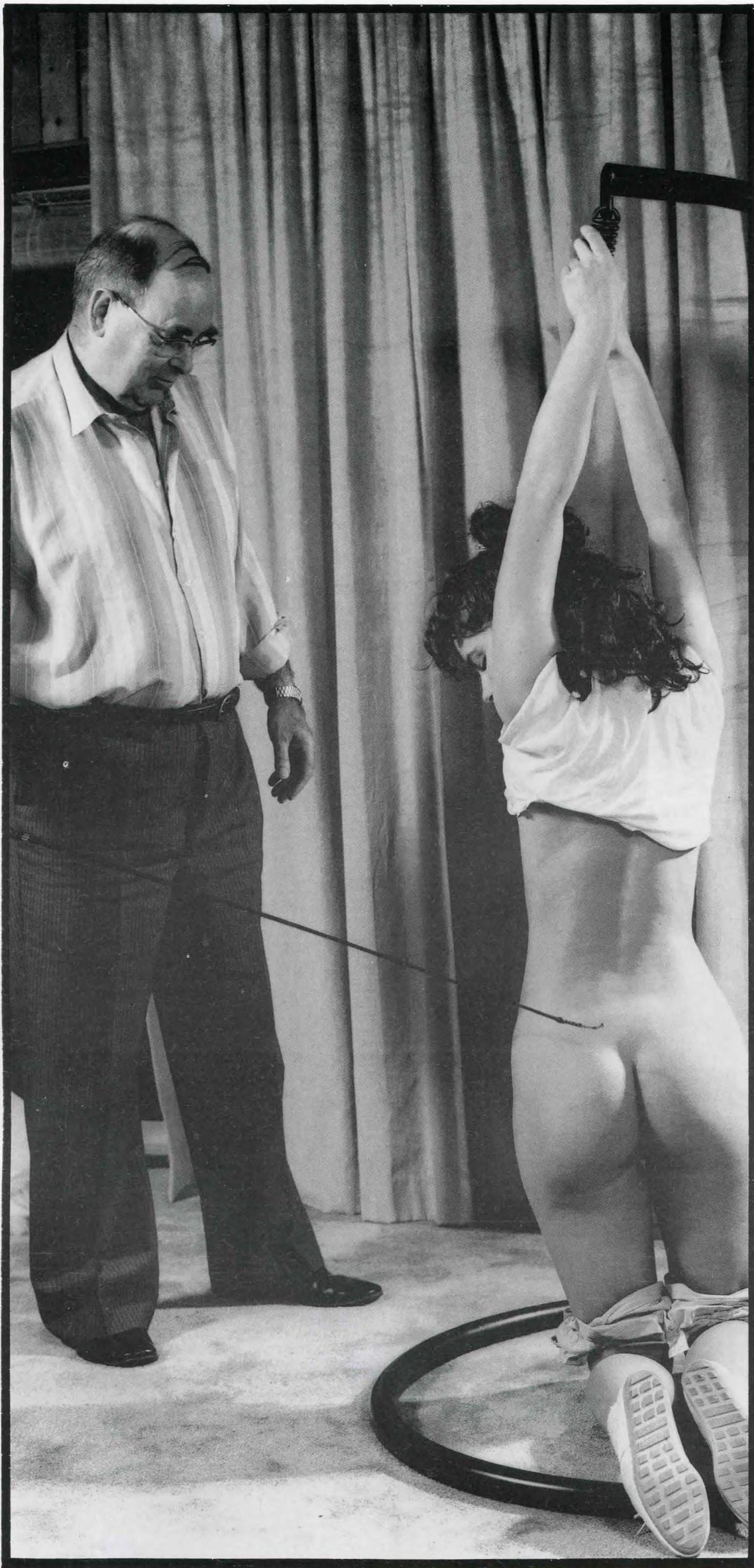












that other. Diane could feel tears welling up. Because he *was*...And there wasn't anything she could do...

'Our Italian girls don't only get it once, Miss. That is not considered sufficient to discipline a girl. With only one session she could easily forget, after a time. Forget that nasty pain and fall back into bad habits. So an Italian father doesn't only do it once...'

She made a whimpering sound. Mr Vortelli's hand was still holding her bottom. Jiggling it. More important was what he was saying. He was going to do it again. He was going to cane her again. What she had had in her head since yesterday but she had told herself couldn't happen, she was just being silly. She had had that dreadful, humiliating punishment and that was it. But it wasn't. Mr Vortelli was going to do it again. Diane brushed at her eyes. They were wet. The hand was lifting her skirt. Sliding up underneath. Up her bare thigh, to her knickers.

'Wearing something else today, Miss? Take them off, will you. The panties. And the skirt. Yes, Miss Milford, once is not enough to make sure a girl remembers.'

It was the same as yesterday. Except for the details. Not her shorts but skirt



and knickers and she had to take them right off. Not the basket-chair frame but that wicker basket which was a convenient size and height for lying across. For lying across if your bare bottom was going to be caned. Mr Vortelli was not quite ready for that, though. Diane's tee-shirt had first to be pulled up round her shoulders. And her bra removed. She was doing all these things — taking everything off — like a sort of zombie. Her hands doing what they had to but her mind keeping away, distant. If she thought about what she was doing, what was going to happen again, she would burst into hysterical tears, sobs. Her body was shivering, though. Shaking. The hysterical tears weren't very far away. It would only take...It would only take that cane...

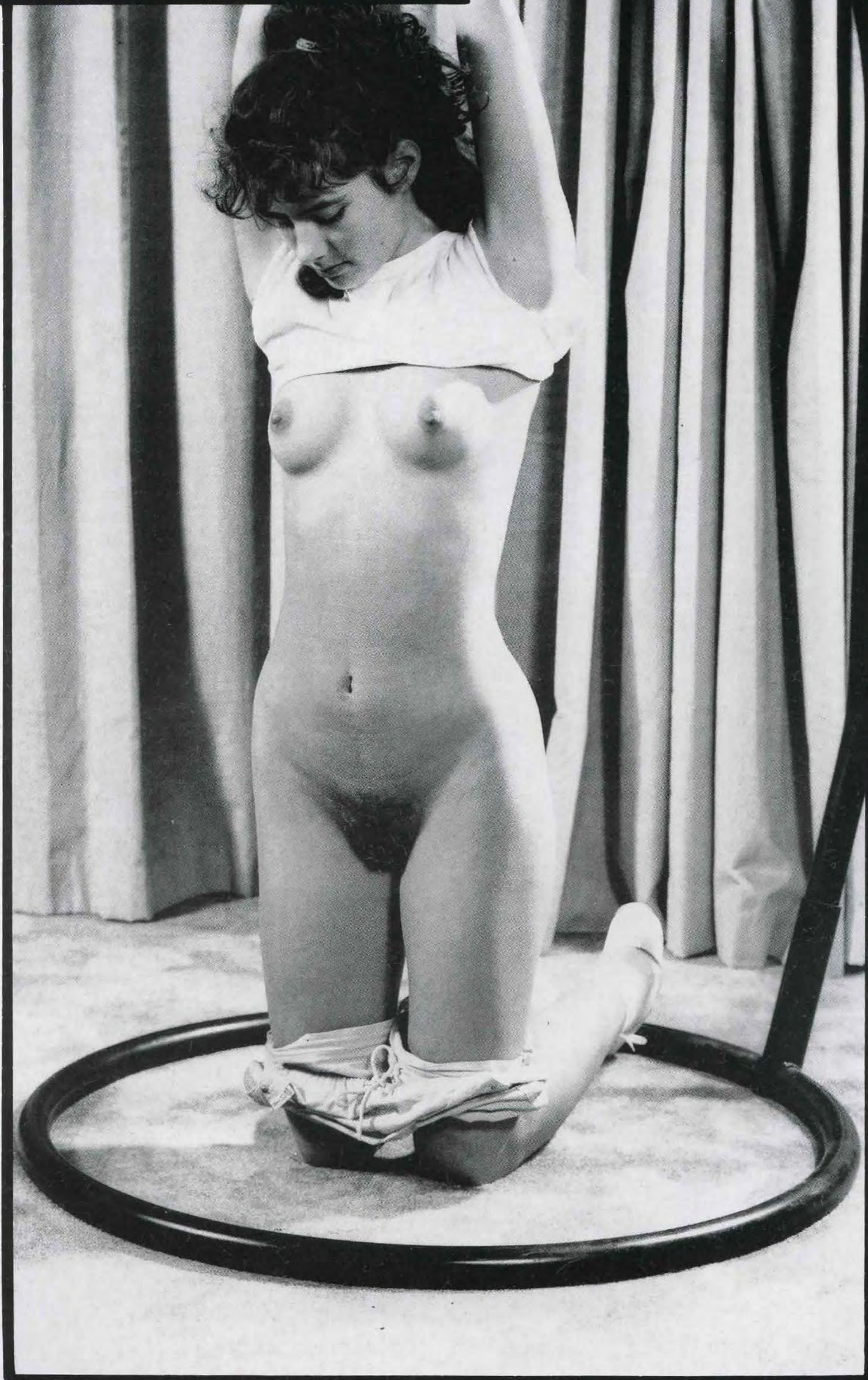
Mr Vortelli had a different cane today. Shorter; a bamboo cane. Not that dreadful long, thin black one, like a riding whip. But this bamboo one, it wouldn't be better, it would be just as bad. Mr Vortelli was pushing her down. Over the square wicker basket. Face down and right over it. Her bottom over the edge, her feet off the ground. She was nude except for the tee-shirt twisted up round her shoulders. Mr Vortelli's hand was at her nude bottom. Fondling it. Patting. Giv-











ing little smacks.

'I don't think it has left any marks, Miss. Perhaps very faint ones but hardly anything. Yes, I think it is ready for a repeat, Miss Milford.'

His hand was still stroking and patting. Teasing her bottom. There had been marks after work yesterday. Twisting her head in front of the mirror in her room Diane had seen them. Angry narrow red stripes. Stripes that would show in her swim suit which was cut high, slanting up across the ripeness of her buttocks. She had gone to a beach with Robert in the evening but had worn a skirt. He had wanted to know why...afterwards, later, she had let him. Screw her. The first time. And the reason was Mr Vortelli's cane, that thin, black riding cane. She was still feeling so absolutely dreadful...that she had agreed. The first time.

Mr Vortelli's voice. Soft and silky. Purring almost. 'Are you ready, Miss Milford? Hold tight. I'm going to have you just like a nice disciplined Italian girl before you go home.'

Diane's fingers gripped onto the basket's edge. As the cane whipped down. Squarely across the fullness of her bared buttocks. Like a knife. Like a knife that was cutting her in two.







# Letters

Dear Mr Editor,

It is with a certain amount of guilt I write this letter to you, because I fear I may have been the catalyst for the events that follow.

You published a letter of mine in one of the back issues of *Blushes*, and I thought you may be interested in the sequel.

To remind you my letter was regarding a close friend of mine Paul, who had taken to spanking his two daughters Lisa and Jessica. If you recall he made his eldest daughter Lisa take a hot bath, then warm her bare bottom on a radiator until it was very hot, then he placed a chair in front of glass sliding wardrobes and put his naked daughter over his lap and gave her a prolonged spanking.

When *Blushes* 35 came out (it was the issue that features a girl having her bottom warmed with a hot water bottle), I sent him a copy in a brown envelope marked 'Private and Confidential' to his office. He did not know who sent it, all I put inside was a note that said 'Ideal for Lisa and Jessica when the central heating breaks down!'

Well I saw Penny last night at a Party, I made sure she had a few glasses of wine before we had one of our heart to heart chats. We soon got round to Paul and the girls, the youngest of whom is eighteen, and his behaviour to them. I asked if Lisa was still warming her bottom on the radiator.

'Worse, much worse!' yelled Penny. I asked her to keep her voice down otherwise the world and his wife would hear.

'What's been going on then?' I asked in a sort of muted innocence.

For the next 30 minutes or more I listened, and with careful questioning I got a full insight to what Paul had been doing to the girls.

Apparently Paul was now giving Lisa the hot water bottle treatment as per the story in *Blushes*.

Paul had started off by giving the girl a moderately hot bottle, placing it squarely on the girl's bare bottom as she lay naked on her tummy on the bed. Just hot and long enough to make her bottom bright pink. In fact nicely prepared for her spanking.

Penny believes at this point Lisa did not find the bottle too unpleasant, in fact she believes she enjoyed the sensation of heat on her bottom.

However, Paul started to make the bottles hotter and started to use the slipper. Then a second hot water bottle was introduced and this one went under the girl's tummy

as she lay on the bed.

This of course meant that Lisa had to arch her back and keep her bottom high to avoid her tummy touching the bottle. It was a terrible dilemma, she was under penalty of extra strokes of the slipper if the bottle fell off her bottom before the allowed time usually 60 to 100 seconds depending how Paul was feeling.

Lisa was now getting her bottom warmed like this once a week, and soon began to accept the heat of the bottle on her belly and bottom; she was finding it very difficult to keep her bottom raised throughout the ordeal, and so soon her tummy stayed pressed against the bottle's tormenting surface.

Paul at this point should have been content, these slipperings were now becoming a ritual, every Thursday night when Penny was out, he would find an excuse to punish his daughter.

Paul decided Lisa could take more. He thought she had reached a point where she was able to take the cane, and literally a boiling hot water bottle.

He misjudged the situation entirely.

When Lisa had reached the stage in her punishment where she rested her tummy on the bottle it was usually near the end of her punishment, but Paul decided to go further. The bottle was removed from beneath her tummy, her bottom already red hot from the bottle and the prolonged slippering; the girl was told to keep her position on the bed.

He returned ten minutes later with the two hot water bottles filled to capacity, full of boiling water, and under his arm a slim cane.

There was much pleading from the girl to be spared the cane, but it fell on deaf ears.

With her hands under the pillows she raised her bottom while Paul slipped the boiling bottle under her already red hot tummy. Although her belly was red hot she could feel the extra heat coming from this ridiculously hot bottle just centimetres away from her bare, smooth and sensitive tummy.

She started to breath heavily, and let out a squeal as her tummy touched the burning rubber.

She arched her back as high as she could, offering her bottom in the most humiliating of ways, until it was like a round table waiting to have something put on it.

Paul then told her she was going to be given two strokes of the cane, then the other bottle would be placed on her bottom, she had to control it for twenty seconds, then she could go to bed. If the bottle fell off then she would be given another stroke of the cane, and again the bottle would stay on her bottom this time

for another twenty seconds and so on until the punishment bottle had remained on her bottom for the said twenty seconds.

She begged her father to hold the bottle on her bottom so when she squirmed it would not fall off, he would not agree.

Can you imagine how awful it must have been, two strokes of the cane, then before she had time to regain composure the boiling second bottle was placed on the very spot where the cane had just landed. Well of course she couldn't begin to control herself, the bottle fell off in three seconds.

Her father caned her again, the bottle was placed on again, she reached ten seconds, only this time she slipped a little and her tummy kissed the bottle full on, it was such a shock that she jolted the bottle off her bottom for the second time.

This was getting too much, the cane landed again, she screamed. 'Don't put it on yet, give me a chance,' she pleaded. She fought to gain control of her bottom and belly, the bottle was placed on the twin globes of misery and pain for the third time, she held it for eighteen seconds it fell off. 'Oh please no more,' she begged, 'I was only two seconds short,' Paul ignored the pleas.

The cane landed again across the uncontrollably writhing bottom, the bottle went back on her bottom, it fell off within five seconds. Lisa was at the end of her tether; she just could not keep that burning bottle on her bottom for that length of time.

He then told Lisa the punishment was going on too long, (he knew Penny would be back shortly). He said, as she failed to keep the bottle on her bottom for the required time, he was going to give her five more strokes of the cane, followed immediately by him holding the bottle on her writhing bottom for a full minute.

I don't know if any of your readers have tried to put a hot water bottle on their bare bottoms for a full minute, I should imagine it's no joke, especially a boiling hot one.

The story at the moment does not have a happy ending, Lisa is now working away and I fear Penny and Paul may end their marriage.

I'm sorry this letter is fairly long but I felt I had to put pen to paper, as I feel responsible in some way for Lisa's ordeal.

Incidentally, I did enquire as to whether Jessica, the younger daughter, was being punished in the same way. Penny thought not, but did make a remark that every fortnight she had a meeting on a Tuesday. Paul always had a large fire going in the living room and often Jessica appeared to have been crying, but would not say why.

If I hear any further news, I will drop you a line.

Yours,

D.S.R., Surrey

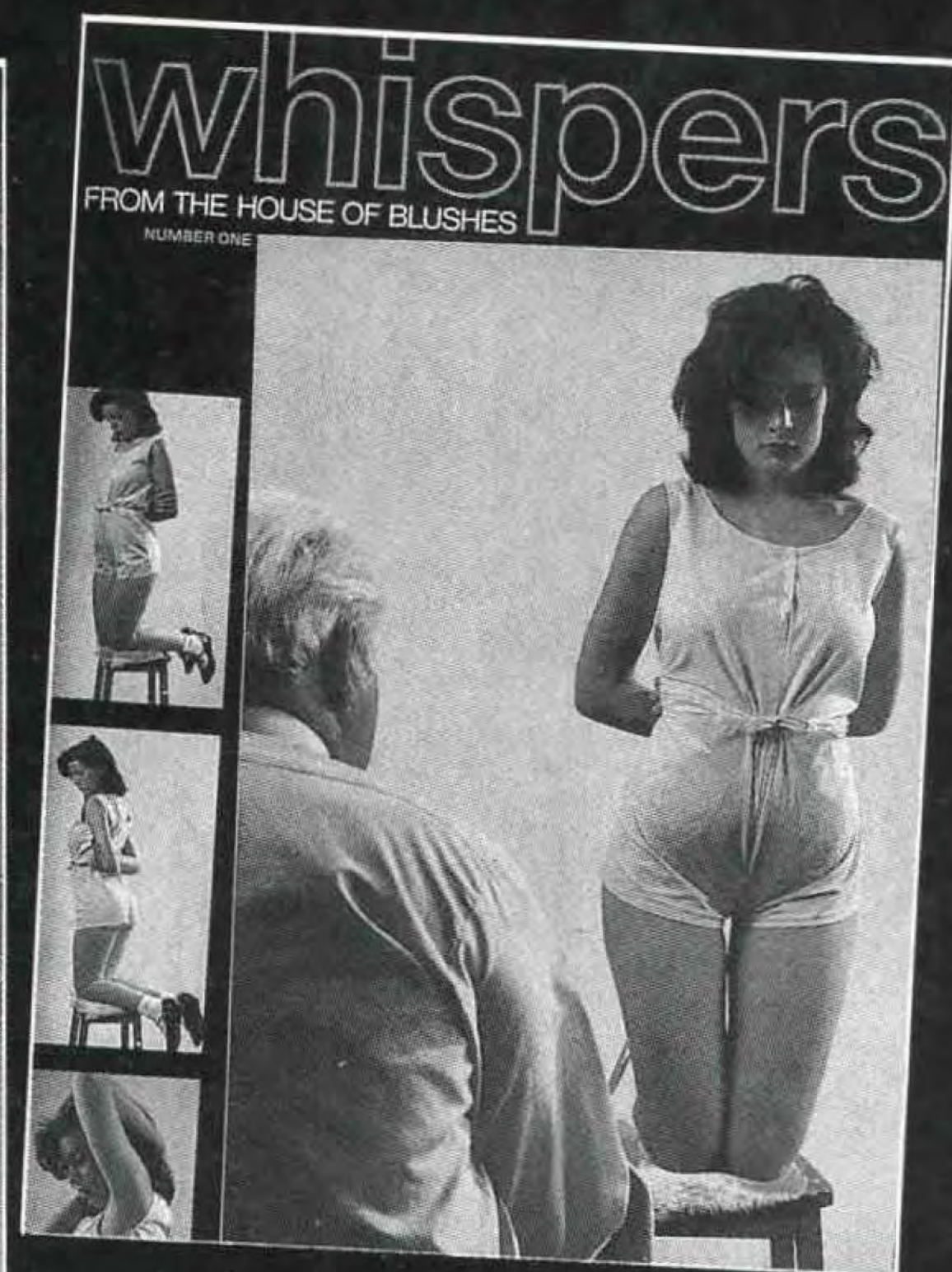
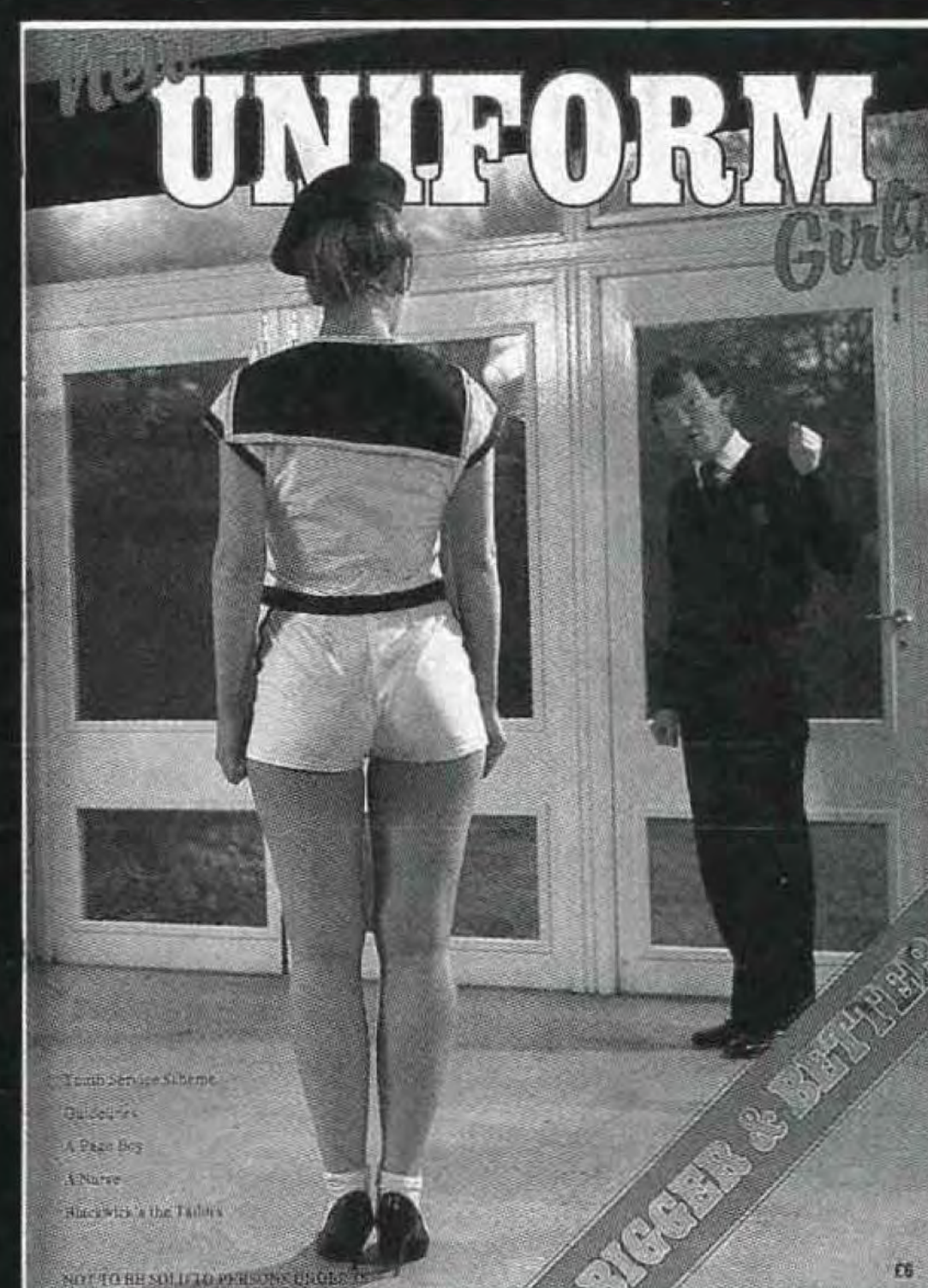
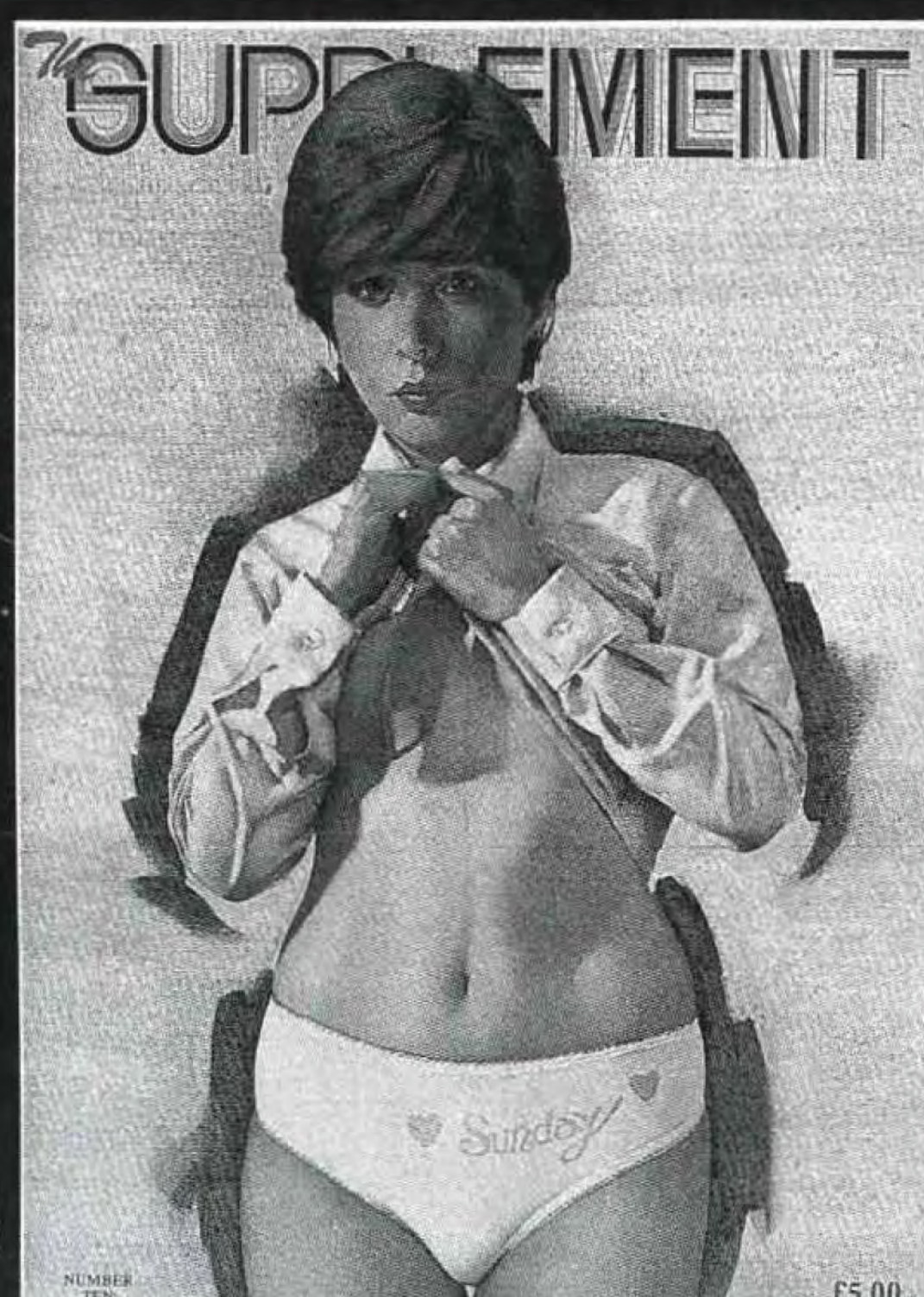


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